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## THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE formal announcement of the approaching marriage of the Prince of WALES will be received by the nation with universal satisfaction. Marriages are always interesting, and the romance of marriage is wound up to its highest pitch when the bride is fair, young, and a Princess, and the bridegroom is the heir to the most splendid heritage on earth. The Prince of WALES has had every opportunity given him, from his cradle, that the care of the best and most anxious of friends and advisers could bestow. An unceasing vigilance has attempted to avert the evils attendant on a position so high and so exceptional, and to make him not unworthy of his mother and his country. He has had an education which was the best, the most varied, and the most fit that could be devised by a father with whom cultivation of every kind was almost a passion. He has flown like a royal bee to suck the honey of three Universities. He has been sent, under the companionship of men of the highest character and the widest learning, to visit some of the greatest of modern cities, and some of the most sacred scenes of the past. And now that he is coming to an age when liberty would expose him to the perils that have been fatal to so many of his family, he is provided with a young wife who is not only all that is desirable in age, creed, and birth, but is said to be pretty, engaging, and attractive. The river of his life has hitherto flowed on under a sky of singular brightness and promise, and the nation sets itself to watch its further course, not only with loyalty and interest, but with the gladness that attends the spectacle of youth and unclouded fortunes. It is reasonably hoped that the QUEEN may find some mitigation of her sorrows in the happy marriages of her children, and this hope will greatly increase the pleasure with which this marriage will be welcomed by the nation. The love of gaiety and gossip may also find a very natural vent in the contemplation of the restoration of brilliancy to the Court, and in the anticipation of the pageants which will attend on the coming of a Princess of WALES. It, also, happens that our history supplies scarcely any instances of Princesses of Wales who have occupied their proper position, and done credit to the name they bore. The lady who is next spring to assume the title will come to us with a novelty of hopes and possibilities that will in itself be a powerful attraction.

As the wife of the PRINCE must be about eighteen or twenty years of age, of Royal lineage, and a Protestant, there could not be many persons to satisfy all the requisite conditions. Those who best know the *Almanach de Gotha* assert that there are only seven ladies whom the PRINCE could possibly have married, unless he was prepared to wait until eligible princesses in the nursery grew old enough to enter the list. A man who can only marry one of seven women may consider himself singularly fortunate if one of the seven unites so many recommendations as the Princess ALEXANDRA of Denmark. One of these recommendations, and by no means the least strong, consists in its being from Denmark that she comes to us. It is now a century and a half since our Sovereigns formed any other alliance than one with a minor branch of German Royalty; and after so long a continuance in one course, a change is welcome simply because it is a change. Denmark, too, is a country with which England will be very gladly connected. So far as political combinations are at all influenced in these days by Royal alliances, we have every reason to rejoice in anything that puts us on better terms with a small, gallant maritime nation, whose special mission lies in co-operating with us to maintain the free navigation of the Baltic. Socially, also, the Danes are a gentle, courteous, obliging people, with sufficient of artistic feeling and taste to adapt themselves easily to the ways of foreigners. Their country, too, belongs to a group of kingdoms in which the social influence of England happens to be greater than that of any other country.

Throughout the region of Scandinavia, English habits, English education, and the English language occupy the position that in so large a portion of the Continent is conceded to all that is French. Travellers in those Northern peninsulas and islands are gratified and surprised to find that their host, his wife, and his daughters have been accustomed from their cradle to make English a part of their primary instruction, and to look upon England as the first of countries. The princess who is coming to us from this most suitable of homes has also the merit of involving us in no political embarrassment. There is no new Danish question which we can be well asked to take up, nor any new Danish interest we can well be called on to guarantee. The one question which occasionally brings Denmark before Europe is that ancient, abysmal, interminable question of Schleswig-Holstein. Henceforth, we shall regard it with an impartiality, if possible, more absolute than ever, as our sympathies will be divided between the country of the QUEEN's daughter and the country of the QUEEN's daughter-in-law.

The PRINCESS ALEXANDRA comes to bear the honours and share the privileges of a splendid fortune. She will have all that a gay Court, and a brilliant aristocracy, and a nation prepared to see all that is best in her, can give her. She will occupy a place in the history of the chief of European monarchies. In her new home she will find the readiest appreciation of superiority in women, and, at the same time, the kindest indulgence to those who do not rise above the ordinary level. Above all, she will enter a family where the weariness and the isolation of Royalty are balanced by the affectionate intimacy of a home circle, and where the Sovereign has been accustomed to enjoy the domestic happiness usually supposed to be reserved for people of a humbler lot. It is true that fortune has been known to smile as brightly on other princesses, and her smiles have proved treacherous. We cannot pretend that the morning of life opens more serenely for this Danish lady than it did for the unhappy MARIE ANTOINETTE. But so far as human eye can reach, the signs of the times are not such as to inspire a fear lest the future of the Princess of WALES should be obscured by political tempests. She will stand on the edge of a throne that seems steadfast, if any throne in the world is steadfast. If greatness, and public honours, and daily splendour, and secure eminence are dear to her, she may expect to have her utmost wishes gratified. But we hope that some friendly voice may whisper to her that she will have duties to perform to the nation that offers her so much. There are services which the wife of the Prince of WALES can render to England, and which no one else can render; and there is an influence which she can exert, and which if she neglects she will, in the long run, disappoint and grieve even the most loyal. In the first place, she can employ the power which every young wife wields, to urge her husband to occupy the station that is his own, and to take a proper part in the serious business of the country. His social position will have attractions that might easily prove overwhelming, unless the partner of his pleasures reminded him that he belongs to England and not to himself, and that, without encroaching on an authority that is not his, he may discharge many duties which the QUEEN as a woman, and as a woman now standing alone, is scarcely competent to fulfil. Nothing could be more undesirable than that the PRINCE should intrigue with political parties, or solicit a prominent political position. But it would be very possible that he might fall into the other extreme, and make his abhorrence of improper ambition a cloak for idleness and a devotion to the passing follies of a Court; and from this, nothing could preserve him so effectually as the influence of a sensible and right-minded wife. The PRINCESS has also to satisfy the nation in the very delicate relations that will necessarily obtain between herself, her husband, and the QUEEN. If she has advantages in her new

position, which never, perhaps, fell to the lot of any other Princess of Wales, she has this disadvantage—that her conduct will be watched with unusual jealousy by a people that holds the reigning Sovereign in much more than customary respect. The PRINCESS, should she ever live to wear the crown, will find that her surest passport to the affections of her subjects will be that she should have earned the fame of having steadily consulted the feelings, and obeyed the wishes, of QUEEN VICTORIA.

## GARIBALDI.

THE event so much dreaded and so confidently anticipated has come to pass. GARIBALDI has crossed from Sicily to the mainland, and Italians have met Italians in actual strife. Fortunately, the first collision between the Royal troops and the partisans of GARIBALDI has passed off without loss of life; and if the Garibaldians were an isolated band, they might take warning in time, and their chief might retire into an honourable exile until an opportunity offered of fighting for Italy without disloyalty to the KING. The Ministry has at last acted with something like vigour. RATTAZZI had to surmount, not only the antipathy to open hostility against GARIBALDI which every Italian must feel, but he had to stifle the memory of the adventurous schemes into which he himself had invited GARIBALDI to enter. He does not come with clean hands to the task of undoing the work which he set on foot, and of destroying the workman whom he invited into the field of dangerous activity. But he is for the time the first Minister of the Crown, and he has no choice but to quench, if he can, the flames of actual rebellion. It is to be hoped that it may not be too late. Naples has been proclaimed in a state of siege, and the population has at least shown the acquiescence of indecision. CIALDINI and LA MARMORA, whose names stand foremost in the list of Italian generals, have been sent to command in Sicily and Naples, and large bodies of Northern troops are being hastily despatched southwards. It is improbable that the population of the Southern Provinces will rise in open revolt if the soldiers and sailors of the Royal army and navy are true to their colours, and will fight when called on, even against GARIBALDI. But it appears that GARIBALDI was able to cross to Calabria and pass at his ease through the blockading ships, because the crews of the Royal frigates refused to obey the orders given by their commanders to stop him. Many of the officers of the Royal army won their commissions under GARIBALDI, and the mass of the troops are deeply impressed with the magic of his name and his glory. It is true that the great body of Italians place the unity of Italy before every other consideration, and it does not require much reflection to see that the unity of Italy is an impossibility, if a subject is to dictate the policy of the Crown. But the force of public opinion is, in a great measure, paralysed by the general indignation which the conduct of the RATTAZZI Ministry towards GARIBALDI has excited. The national pride revolts at the thought that the national hero has been fooled and trifled with at the bidding of a foreign Power. It is not unlikely that, if the danger now threatening Italy is averted, it will only be avoided by the dismissal of this unfortunate Ministry, and the call to office of a Minister who, like Baron RICASOLI, would give his country the guarantee of an unblemished integrity, and an unquestionable jealousy for the honour of Italy.

The proclamation which the Italian Government has thought proper to issue is not a felicitous document. When half Italy is rising in indignation against the vexatious intrusion of France, it is scarcely judicious to place in the front of the charge against GARIBALDI the insults which he has directed against "our glorious ally." RATTAZZI ought rather to have kept his relations with the Emperor NAPOLEON out of sight, and he might well have confined himself to an exposition of the disloyalty which sets the KING and the Parliament of Italy at defiance. Probably, if the KING determines on going to Naples, his presence will be the most effectual means of deciding the wavering sympathies of the population, and perhaps of reclaiming GARIBALDI himself. The rebel chief is more susceptible of personal influence than of argument; and he still continues, probably with a certain degree of sincerity, to declare that he is fighting for VICTOR EMMANUEL as well as for Italy. It is possible that he may be unwilling to falsify his own repeated declarations by meeting the KING himself in the field, for he has hitherto seemed to believe that he was in possession of the secret of Royal policy. In any case it is desirable that the ground should be occupied by Italians, before the Emperor of the FRENCH discovers that it is necessary to interfere in defence of order, with a MURAT Pretender in his

train. A glorious ally, like the giant in the fable, is apt to leave but little glory or safety to the confederate whom he protects and extinguishes. The French fleet has been sent to hover off the coast of Naples, and the recollection of the siege of Gaeta will remind the Italians that the presence at sea of unfriendly allies may hamper their best efforts to effect a speedy settlement of their difficulties. We hope that this time the French will not go there alone, but that an English fleet will be there too, to assure to Italy the protection and render the assistance of allies whose alliance is untainted with selfishness, and who are bound to watch with a generous constancy over the independence of a nation for whose existence they are so deeply responsible.

The fundamental unsoundness of GARIBALDI's position is clearly illustrated by his address to the Hungarians. Although he has not his own nation at his back, he appeals to the sympathies of a foreign race, and, having already proclaimed war against France, he seeks a second adversary in Austria. The alliance which he proposes has the singular defect of offering no advantage or opportunity of mutual assistance to either of the contracting parties. Hungary could at the utmost only sustain a defensive war against the Government of Vienna, and GARIBALDI himself must admit that the expulsion of France from Rome would at least require all the resources of Italy. General KLAFFKA meets his offer with the preliminary and conclusive objection that an insurgent leader, with the followers who may throng around him, in no way represents the Italian nation. It was unnecessary to add, that a decisive struggle with Austria would not be rendered easier or more hopeful by a simultaneous collision with France. As long as Italy was united, the hope of recovering Venice was intimately connected with the formidable discontents of Hungary. But the commencement of civil war in Italy will reassure all the enemies of the new kingdom, as it has already secured to the POPE the continued maintenance of the French garrison at Rome. The apologists for GARIBALDI's insane enterprise can devise no more plausible excuse than the allegation that the popular support which he receives proves that the Italians are in earnest. Even if the assertion were well founded, the inference that the demonstration is justifiable involves the most transparent absurdity. The strong man surrenders his house when an urgent claimant is stronger, but not when he is simply urgent. The timid turbulence on the part of a nation corresponds to querulous peevishness in an individual, and angry weakness is, in private life, the least efficacious mode of securing influence. Venice and Rome might be given up from motives of policy or of prudence, but they will certainly not be surrendered from any benevolent regard to the internal peace and welfare of Italy. It was by strengthening the Government, and not by dividing its forces, that GARIBALDI, during the lifetime of CAUVR, deserved well of his country.

The simple brain of the great partisan leader is apparently occupied and distracted by a fallacy which is almost unintelligible to those who are not possessed by the revolutionary demon. In common with less conspicuous followers of MAZZINI, he supposes that all discontented populations have a common cause to defend against foreign and domestic oppression. It is nothing to the political fanatic that the so-called union of peoples would of itself create a coalition of Governments and armies for the purpose of suppressing a common rebellion against authority; nor is it even necessary for his satisfaction that the confederated insurgents should protest against similar grievances of usurpation and tyranny. The Hungarians are exhorted to rise against a foreign ruler in conjunction with the subjects of the indigenous Italian dynasty, which ought, in the eyes of GARIBALDI, to be the most legitimate of Governments. Even Servia and Montenegro are claimed as accomplices in the general rising of all who are dissatisfied against any form of power which they may happen to dislike. Remoteness alone prevents Poland from sharing in the general invitation, which is to accumulate the largest possible amount of gratuitous hostility on the head of the Italian people. It is probably owing to their insignificance that the mutinous Philhellenists of the Ionian Islands have not been exhorted to involve England in the common war. It is only in America that GARIBALDI, by a strange and yet intelligible caprice, adheres to the cause of strict legitimacy, and wishes for the subjection of rebellious seceders. Without understanding the baneful inspiration which he obeys, he is really contending, not for Italy, nor for freedom, but for the triumph of exaggerated democracy at the expense of national unity and greatness. The rhetoric of MAZZINI has long offended all sound tastes and all healthy intellects; but it is a more serious misfortune when foolish phrases are trans-

lated into extravagant acts. Political and religious prophets unfortunately exercise a magnetic influence over ill-balanced minds, in which imagination and passion predominate over logic and reflection. No wise man can govern the sober and rational part of the community with the absolute authority which a crazy impostor possesses over his destined instruments and victims. When the disciple is in all other respects far greater than his master, the misdirection of powers which might have been beneficially employed is as lamentable as it is ruinous.

#### LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.

**W**IDE-SPREAD and genuine as the sympathy for the Lancashire operatives undoubtedly is, there are few of us, perhaps, who have fairly penetrated through the crust of statistics and formed any adequate conception of what manufacturing distress really means to those who have made it their business to go into the cottages of the workmen and report what they have seen. The figures which tell us that the number actually dependent on the rates is increasing at the rate of six or eight thousand a week, and that the Relief Committees have at least as much on their hands as the Poor Law Guardians, present no picture to the mind of the reality of the calamity under which Lancashire is suffering with so much patience and fortitude. The more detailed reports which have been published of the progress of destitution, and the difficulties of the Relief Committees, enable us to understand something more of the nature and extent of a misfortune which needs only to be appreciated to command the anxious sympathy of all classes. Let any one try to comprehend all the bodily and mental distress which is implied in a narrative like the following, which has recently been reported from Preston. A family of eleven had been living comfortably, before the bad times, on weekly earnings which, in the aggregate, came to 3*l.* 15*s.* For twenty-eight weeks they had been out of work, their furniture had almost all gone to keep them from starvation, and for three or four months they had lived on something less than a shilling a-week for each of them. Imagine a human being supporting life on considerably less than 2*d.* a-day, and that this is the lot of many who had been accustomed to the comforts and little luxuries which were seldom wanting in the home of an industrious operative, and you have a picture of distress which it would task the loftiest philosophy and the most fervid religion to bear as it is borne by workmen who are suffering for no fault of their own. Possibly such cases as that we have mentioned may be thought exceptional, and no doubt there are degrees in the measure of suffering endured by different households. But the figures and averages of the general returns show only too plainly how nearly the whole mass of unemployed operatives has been reduced to one dead level of destitution. Even including the doles of the Guardians of the Poor and the Relief Committees, the average rate of living is estimated in the Preston district at about 1*s.* 6*d.* or 1*s.* 8*d.* per head for a week's subsistence — enough to stave off actual starvation, it seems, though it is scarcely possible to understand how it can suffice to keep life in a human body. Look at the case, again, from another point of view. According to the estimate of the *Times* reporter, a loss of wages amounting to 13,000*l.* a week has been met by relief to the extent of 1,000*l.*; and now that the great bulk even of the most provident have exhausted their small savings, these two sums, 13,000*l.* and 1,000*l.*, must nearly represent the comparative means of existence enjoyed in 1861 and 1862. The reports of the Savings Banks, the Co-operative Societies, and the other associations in which the thrifty among the factory hands were accustomed to invest their savings, show with equal clearness the extent and severity of the pressure. The Preston Savings Banks alone exhibit a reduction of 18,000*l.* below what, in the ordinary course of affairs, would have been the amount of their deposits. All these accumulations, with all the independence and the hopes which rested upon them, have been sacrificed to keep the wolf from the door; and with no other result, in many cases, than to defer the dreaded time when an application for relief would become inevitable. These accounts are taken from a single town, and though all Lancashire may not yet have suffered in quite the same degree, they substantially represent the condition of the busy manufacturing population of an entire county.

There is but one set-off against the gloom of such a picture. If the bad times have shown the precariousness of the working man's position, they have proved the sterling quality of the men themselves. Trouble has not goaded them to turbulence, and the statistics of crime show an actual diminution of offences under temptations which no one until now believed that a sturdy race of artisans could wholly withstand. There is no com-

plaining against their hard lot; and the only boon which has been asked is that the labour which is rightly imposed as a test of destitution should be accommodated as much as possible to the habits and constitutions which a totally different kind of employment has generated. When the time of trial shall have passed away, an enduring result will remain in the respect with which their countrymen will have learned to look upon the factory-men of Lancashire. And in the meantime all that can be done will assuredly be done to mitigate the distress which cannot be wholly removed. It has been hinted that those whose fortunes have been built upon the labour of the cotton districts have shown less alacrity than strangers in supporting the efforts of the Relief Committees; but we do not believe that either the mill-owners or any other class will be found wanting, or that lack of funds will be among the difficulties, abundant enough in other shapes, with which the Associations that have been formed to grapple with the emergency will have to contend. The Manchester Central Committee has organized a systematic plan of administering the funds entrusted to it, and has appointed an Executive Committee, in which the great Lancashire proprietors, and many of the leading manufacturers, are to be found. Every district has been represented, and local bodies are about to be formed to act in subordination to the Central Committee in the careful administration of relief. As the result of the meeting which was held at Bridgwater House, Lord DERBY was able to announce that a fund of about 40,000*l.* was already subscribed, and that further contributions were confidently expected, all of which would be transmitted to the Central Committee for distribution. The LORD MAYOR'S fund, which has been raised for the most part by London subscribers, though not without many contributions from other places, has already afforded invaluable aid to the Local Committees of the most distressed towns, and will continue to feed the necessities of the crisis as long as the occasion shall require. Whether this will be done exclusively through the agency of the Manchester Committee is not yet decided, but remittances have already been sent to Manchester, and it is probable that the effective organization of Lord ELLESMORE'S Committee will lead to the union of all these independent efforts in one combined administration. For the purpose of raising funds, there is much to be said in favour of maintaining the distinct organizations which the crisis has called into being; but there is an obvious advantage in distributing relief through one central channel, assuming that the subordinate local agencies are judiciously organized and effectively worked. The principle of affording relief in shape which will save the honest pride of the factory men, as far as practicable, from the supposed humiliation of accepting poor-law relief, is conceded by all, though it would be idle to lay down any rigid rules to control the action of those who are on the spot, and who ought to be the best judges of what it is prudent to do in each particular case. But whatever may be the precise form of distribution to be adopted, it may, we believe, be regarded as certain that the sympathy of the country will supply all that is needed, and that Lancashire men (we hope without exception) will take the place that belongs to them in the van of the movement. Now that the operatives have shown themselves worthy of more than all that can be done for them, the country at large will not be slow to prove how thoroughly it appreciates their noble bearing and sympathizes with their troubles. As good ever comes out of evil, it may be that in future years the great cotton famine will be chiefly remembered as the time when the hearty union of classes was cemented by feelings of mutual respect and regard too strong to be disturbed by envy or suspicion, and proof alike against the visitations of distress and the delusions of political agitation. But the evil is too sharp and too pressing to leave room yet for such reflections, and the business of every man now is to do that part, whatever it may be, which his position may assign to him in the work of relief. All can give sympathy, most can give help; and we are satisfied that neither the one nor the other will be wanting, even though the distress should be aggravated during the coming winter beyond the worst expectations of the least hopeful among us.

#### AMERICA.

**T**HE uniform superiority of the Confederates in the field is almost unintelligible. The great army of McCLELLAN has begun to withdraw from a position which has been long known to be untenable, and the triumph and exultation which once heralded its advance have now dwindled into a thank-

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fulness that it is allowed to retire unmolested. There appears to be a feeling in the North of surprise and dissatisfaction that it should get out of the way of the Confederates before a Virginia summer swept off the bulk of a force that had been guided into a station where it rested in hopeless inactivity between two marshes. The intelligence that the Confederates were constructing in the higher part of the James River a fleet of gunboats, which, if moderately successful, must have destroyed the last hopes of safety, has probably determined General McCLELLAN to accept this final humiliation, and to lead away his troops by two lines of retreat, each of which is acknowledged to be exposed to the attacks of the enemy. Whether the weakness or the policy of the Confederates will lead them to abstain from all attempts to turn the flight of McCLELLAN into a ruinous disaster, remains to be seen. The utter haziness of the future is modestly, but significantly, conveyed by the telegraphic announcement that "it is not definitely known where General McCLELLAN's army will operate." To the north of Richmond the successes of the Confederates have been scarcely less signal. The check given at Cedar Mountain by General JACKSON to General PORR appears to have been so severe, that not only have the Confederate troops been able to recross the Rapidan at pleasure, but they have had time to concentrate in force sufficient to bar the road to Richmond on the north as completely as it has been closed on the east. The defeat he has sustained, the insecurity of his position, and the threat of retaliation, have also brought General PORR to a humbler frame of mind, and he has issued an order in which he revokes the license given to his troops to subsist on the country they invaded. It may be uncertain whether the ubiquitous BEAUREGARD has really turned up with 70,000 men at Chatanooga, and whether 3,000 Federalists have surrendered near Cumberland Gap; but the probability that the report of these disasters is true derives great strength from the feeble and clumsy attempt of the Federal Government to deny it. Everywhere the Confederates make way, and the Federalists lose it. Even if they incur no fresh defeats, the Northern troops can scarcely hope during the remainder of the summer to make further progress, and since the raising of the siege of Vicksburg and the capture of Baton Rouge, the Federalists are with reason alarmed for the safety of New Orleans. The great levies which have been ordered in the North may, in the course of the winter or the following spring, to a certain extent redress the balance in favour of the Federal Government; but there is no reason to suppose that the conquest of the South will be more practicable in 1863 than in 1862.

The people of the Federal States, or those who claim to represent them, still protest with unabated vehemence against any possible peace. Every speaker and every journalist reiterates the assertion that no doubt can be entertained of the entire conquest of the South; and, although public opinion in America is gregarious rather than unanimous, moral timidity produces the effect of general conviction. Opposition is for the present confined to significant criticisms on the conduct of the war. Notwithstanding an unparalleled expenditure of men and money, and of strong language, all parties complain that the struggle has hitherto not been prosecuted in earnest. Even the crowds who refused the volunteer bounty, and who now fly from the conscription, are conventionally supposed to object, not to the hardships of the campaign, but the indecision of the Government, and the incapacity of the generals. It is perfectly true that no military leader on the Federal side has displayed any warlike ability; but a year ago mediocrities and inexperience received an entirely opposite interpretation. Every officer who had engaged in a skirmish was welcomed as a conqueror and a hero; and the untried commander of the main army received the title of the Young NAPOLEON. The present appreciation of generals and statesmen is far more reasonable; but there are no means of remedying the defect which serves as an excuse for slackness in enlisting. It has been the pleasure of the American people to be governed by third-rate upstarts, and to fill up the highest and the humblest offices of the State without the smallest regard to merit. Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. STANTON express the modern spirit of their civil institutions; and their systematic failures in the field only prove that it is impossible to extemporize an army. Even in their present distress, the Northern Americans are really clamouring, not for better guidance, but for the adoption of a more reckless and violent policy. It has been the chief merit of the PRESIDENT that he has thus far refused to adopt the extreme measures which are recommended by the advanced Republicans, although he allows his lieutenants to carry out their own theories at pleasure in their respective districts. General HUNTER

arms negro regiments, General BUTLER insults women and foreigners; and it is the enemy, and not the PRESIDENT, that forbids General PORR to organize general plunder as a preliminary to the restoration of the Union. The malcontents of New York and New England denounce, as a remnant of weakness, the maintenance of the only remaining barrier which resists the torrent of folly and extravagance. The English organ of the Federalists has recently republished a raving project of some Southern demagogue before the secession, for restoring the balance of political power by reopening the slave-trade. Criminal exaggerations of this kind only tend to weaken the cause in which they are employed, and the true inference from the errors of an antagonist is, that they ought to be avoided, and not that it is justifiable to imitate them. The shameless advocacy of a renewed slave-trade had at least the excuse of being an idle utterance of an impracticable project. The Federal menace of a servile war to be kindled in the Southern States, though it may be equally difficult to realize, is intended by those who use it to issue in actual murder and rapine.

In the present temper of the North, the offer of mediation would be useless, and the recognition of the Confederate States would be absolutely inoperative. It is possible that English interference with the blockade of the Southern coasts might be morally allowable, but it is certainly not an imperative duty, and it would be an onerous undertaking. It is not the business of bystanders to interfere even in a just quarrel, and up to this time both belligerents may be said to have had plausible causes of war. Foreigners have only to wait till the principals in the dispute find some common ground on which a future reconciliation may be based. If European sympathies have apparently inclined toward the South, the preference may be in some degree explained by the knowledge that concession can only proceed from the invading Federalists. Those who stand on their defence must resist to the last, and they virtually hold out, as the condition of peace, the discontinuance of armed aggression. The Government of Washington, even if it defended the best of causes, is nevertheless attempting an impossibility. At the beginning of the spring campaign, it was hoped that, after partial successes, the Federalists would consent to treat; and it seemed probable that their adversaries would be sufficiently discouraged to submit to reasonable terms of peace. Unfortunately, the triumphs of the gunboats on the coasts and rivers inflated the habitual presumption of the Northern population into the most arrogant confidence of victory. In the firm belief that they could overrun the hostile States, they forced the enemy to put forth his utmost efforts, and it was not until they had been defeated in every conflict on land, that they even acknowledged that the war was likely to be prolonged. Impartial observers, still wishing for the cessation of a barren and mischievous conflict, now only hope to attain the object of their just desires through the exhaustion of Northern resources. It is not exactly from an unfriendly feeling that the financial ruin and military failure of the North are regarded in Europe with a kind of mournful complacency. It would be better if a runaway horse would feel the bit in time; but the next best chance of checking his career is to let him run till he drops from utter weariness. The events which were plainly foreseen have now become a precedent, instead of a guess or a calculation. The North is drawing on the last reserves of its population, and it has exhausted its pecuniary means. There is no more money to be borrowed, there is no room for an additional paper circulation, and the ignorance which served as the foundation of Federal credit will rapidly be dispelled by painful experience. It is excusable to hope that an inevitable catastrophe, which must be aggravated in proportion as it is deferred, may arrive with all practicable speed.

#### THE IRISH REIGN OF TERROR.

THE Australasian continent has been said to be *feraz monstrorum*; and the *ornithorhynchus* is but a type of its whole animal creation. Indeed, its *fauna* and *flora* are alike exceptional—they seem to be relics of an extinct state of things. Mammals rejoice in a duck's bill and fish's fins, cherries grow their stones outside, and everything seems to be inverted and at cross purposes. Philosophers are in doubt whether all this exhibits nature in a tentative state, and whether creative agencies are preparing for more perfect organizations, or are exhibiting signs of a worn-out and extinct power. Close at home we have an analogue in the moral world. Ireland is a social Australia. Laws come to a fault; proved order and regularity break down; experience fails in all its

teachings; growth, which rules and governs political existence, comes to a sudden and inexplicable stop; all calculations are reversed and disappointed. And, in each case, we cannot account for this violation of all rule. Everything has been done for Ireland which prudence and statesmanship could devise, and nobody can lay a finger on the cause of the present social dislocation. Religious differences have become substantially defunct. Although on both sides there is enough, and more than enough, of personal rancour, there is not even the pretence of oppression and ascendancy on the one side, to account for the outbreak of savagery on the other. Education has been long enough at work to do an ascertainable amount of good. Capital has been pouring into the land. Wages are good. There is neither famine nor a vast superabundance of population to call out the passions of a starving crowd. Political agitation exhibits but the smouldering of an almost extinct volcano. There are no leaders to the discontent. The O'DONOGHUE is a washed-out copy of the sublime insolence of O'CONNELL, and, in fact, the very worst aspect of the present political state of Ireland is that there are no leaders as well as no ascertainable cause of the outbreak of violence and murder. The whole blood and life of society is diseased, and the therapeutic art which could deal with a specific disease, or the bold surgery which could cut out a localized gangrene, is almost powerless against a general paralysis of the vital system. It is a conspiracy against society which now prevails in Ireland. The very first laws of the State are assaulted — the primary obligations of nature itself are disregarded. The wholesale massacres of Dahomey are scarcely a greater treason against humanity than the state of public opinion in Tipperary. If it were only the Catholic who assassinated the Protestant — if it were only the evicted tenant who shot the agent — if it were only the exciseman or the tax-gatherer who were massacred — if it were only the landlord or the magistrate who received threatening letters, the thing, however deplorable, would be intelligible. But it is all this and much more. It is not so much a social state like the Corsican vendetta, in which murder is retaliated with murder, but murder for no ascertainable cause is the recognised order of things. Murder, merely because it is murder, is popular. It is concealed, defended, approved, and encouraged only for murder's sake. Open murder and secret murder are alike fashionable. Murder from behind a hedge and in twilight, and murder in open day and in a man's own hall — murder in a public hotel, and murder on a private lawn — murder solitary, and murder before two or three witnesses — murder premeditated, announced, proclaimed, avowed, and openly applauded — this is the existing reign of terror in Ireland. The murderer may be as well known as the LORD LIEUTENANT, or he may have been, as in HAYES' case, actually the instrument of what is deemed to be social oppression. HAYES was himself a bailiff, and his life had been employed in evicting tenants. But, as a murderer, he instantly leaps into popular confidence and sympathy. Murder washes away all crimes, political and religious. Simply to shed innocent blood condones all previous offences against popular feeling; and Ireland turns out as one man to protect and screen the murderer, only because he is a murderer, from justice. Murder is as much an epidemic as the dancing disease of the middle ages, and as impossible to deal with. It seems as if the gloomy surmise of the thoughtful Bishop BUTLER were realized; and it is almost proved that a nation may be subject to literal madness.

The present state of Tipperary shows that the popular disease is not to be attributed to the ordinary pretexts for discontent; and to describe the outbreak as simply agrarian outrage, or the results of a Ribbon conspiracy, is to under-rate and mis-state its significance. Mr. SCULLY is well known both in Ireland and England as an Irishman *pur sang*. The grievances, real or pretended, or exaggerated, of Ireland, have in him one of their most consistent, if not ablest assailants. He, if any man, has done his best to win the confidence of the so-called Irish party. And yet Mr. SCULLY's brother is obliged to lead a life which is not worth a day's purchase. He never moves without an armed escort. Every hedge and every wall is suspected to be lined with the willing assassins of this friend of the people. He walks armed to the teeth, and is obliged to keep every step from his own home secret. So complete is the terrorism and dread under which he lives that he does not dare to allow even the postman to approach within shooting distance. If a medical man gives the ordinary technical evidence of death in a case of murder of the usual agrarian type, he is immediately denounced; and it is a characteristic of the present system of assassination that, by a horrid preference, it seems to select the

friends and benefactors of society for its victims. The police seem to be powerless to detect crime. Justice shrieks an ineffectual appeal from its courts and benches. If, which is doubtful, the ministers of religion raise a protest against bloodshed and a state of things worse than Thuggism, it is either feebly urged or contemptuously disregarded; and the State only proclaims a district to proclaim at the same time its own incapacity to deal with the evil. And — what perhaps is the most melancholy and hopeless view of Ireland — it is too true that this social disorganization occurs in the midst of material prosperity. The harvest promises unusual abundance. Every crop is a full and flourishing one. Hay, wheat, oats, and flax all present the same, and that a satisfactory, report. There are few signs of the potato blight; and, in the probable failure of American supplies, prices for Irish products are more than promising, local manufactures are brisk and healthy. Irish corn, and Irish linen, and Irish provisions are as abundant as Irish crime. Is the horrible paradox likely to be proved that Ireland can only be kept down by starvation and oppression? Like Jeshurun of old, has it waxed fat and kicked? Does it only accumulate wealth to lay in a stock of pikes and pistols?

Nor shall we understand the extent of the existing Irish demoralization if we suppose it to be confined to the peasant class. It is not only that the more fierce and lawless take their stand behind a hedge armed with the weapons of blood, and with the certainty of protection from the whole population, but it is as with a revolted people. Blind passion inflames every rank, and even both sexes and all ages of the people. Justice miscarries, and juries are a farce. But this is not all. It is impossible not to connect with the murders in the South such an outrage as that which recently occurred in one of the Dublin workhouses, in which the women and girls set fire to the premises, and, with yells and dances which only too faithfully suggest the *Poissardes* and *Carmagnole* of another Reign of Terror, defied alike decency and authority. And now what remains to be done? This is not a revolutionary conspiracy prompted by religious fanaticism and polemical hate — it is not to be traced to misgovernment or to material suffering. The disease is of the confluent form, and each one of these causes may have its special, but not predominant, influence. The very fact of general improvement may itself be one of the reasons for the outbreak. Barbarism is impatient of the silent assaults of order and improvement. Good government and justice and charity are in themselves mere affronts to a people who love disorder, confusion, poverty, and idleness. The seven devils enter, when the house is swept and garnished. But we may reasonably claim of the present Government a little more activity and zeal than they are now displaying. It may be too much to say that the Executive is paralysed. But special commissions and proclamations and earnest appeals from judges and coroners, are as a mop against the Atlantic. The present Irish Secretary has not been a success either in London or Dublin; and though it may be an instance of the *post hoc ergo propter hoc*, it is a pure chronological fact that Irish disorder dates substantially from the present Sir ROBERT PEEL's tenancy of the Secretary's office at the Castle. Are we repeating the Italian precedent? Is there a RATAZZI in the case, who, with an unhappy tact in blundering, contrives, at one and the same time, to insult all the Roman Catholics and to alienate all the loyalty of the country? Is it in either case that the reaction of the emissaries of sedition, and brigandage, and rapine, will prove too strong for a struggling and nascent civilization? Are we, in Ireland, or in Italy, to resign ourselves to the heart-breaking conclusion that the attempt to force the mild supremacy of order on race which really prefers disorder is sure to be a failure? And is a state of siege to be the complement of the Emancipation Act, and the Encumbered Estates Act, and more than a quarter of a century of toleration, justice, and law?

#### SERVIA AND THE PORTE.

LORD RUSSELL has lately cultivated a certain dryness of style which is by no means devoid of literary and diplomatic merit. Mr. SEWARD had provoked a courteous retort by his premature boasts of victory; but, on the whole, the United States, even in their present difficulties, are too considerable for epigrammatic treatment. Prince MICHAEL of SERVIA, however, with a million of half-civilized subjects and a feudal sovereign above him, may properly be reprimanded when he takes the liberty of addressing the English Foreign Office. Curious observers of human nature have remarked that, when there is a casual collision in the streets, the person who is least hurt and most to blame is always the last to apologise. The Servians, having

picked a quarrel with the Turks, thought it wise to lose no time in complaining, and accordingly Prince MICHAEL represented to Lord RUSSELL the barbarity of the Turks in bombarding Belgrade. As the English Consul on the spot had probably sent full accounts of the transaction, the answer contained a succinct summary of the proceedings, which had been omitted in the Servian circular. The mob and police of Belgrade had attacked the Mussulman residents, and they had obtained possession of two of the gates. Lord RUSSELL disapproves of retaliation by cannonading the town, but he observes at the same time that the Servians were the first to violate existing treaties with the Porte. Prince MICHAEL had taken credit to himself for his abstinence from assisting the insurgents in the Herzegovina, and he is concisely told that so far he had not infringed the obligations of good faith. The English Government formally declines to deprive the SULTAN of his means of defence against his enemies, who are more formidable and more remote than the inhabitants of Servia. The subjection of the Montenegrins will probably add weight to Lord RUSSELL's counsels, and perhaps war and the Eastern question may once more be postponed in pursuance of that selfish English policy which provokes so much criticism in France and Russia.

The Porte has, in its turn, published an elaborate explanation, which labours under the fatal defect of being too long for the patience of disinterested readers. If the statements which it contains are true, there can be little doubt that the disturbance at Belgrade was deliberately arranged by the Servians as the commencement of a war in connexion with the disorders in the Herzegovina and with the struggle in Montenegro. The English Government, acting on the information of its own agents, substantially adopts the Turkish apology, and the opposite conclusions of the French and Russian representatives by no means invalidate Lord RUSSELL's judgment. The Servian Senate had lately voted a militia of 90,000 men, although, as the Turkish Ministers remark, there was no need for their services at home, and although the provincial Government is prohibited from interfering in foreign affairs. The greater part of Belgrade is exclusively occupied by the natives, who have the entire control of their own police and municipal affairs. It is only in the fortress, and in the district which is necessary to its defence, that the Turks exercise any authority; and even in the excepted part of the city, a part of the population is Servian. It is said that the Servian authorities wrongfully organized a police force to act in the Mussulman district, and the guardians of the peace seem to have occupied themselves chiefly in committing outrage and murder on peaceable Turks. At last, an armed rabble seized the gates of the town, and drove the Mussulman inhabitants to take refuge in the fortress. They then proceeded to fire upon the garrison itself; and the commandant replied with cannon, which were directed against the principal posts occupied by the insurgents. On Lord RUSSELL's authority, the cannonade or bombardment may be considered unnecessary, and therefore culpable; but it is certain that it was the interest of the Turks to maintain peace, and the wish of the Servians to find a pretext for hostilities. Those who wish for further information as to the merits of the particular dispute will do well to study the interminable statements of the Turkish Government, and to correct their impressions by the counter-allegations of the Servians. Yet the real question in dispute is considerably wider than might appear from any official documents, and at the same time it is, perhaps, more intelligible.

The Servians suffer under no practical oppression from the Turks, but they wish to enjoy national advantages that are necessarily withheld from a provincial community which neither exercises nor claims an influence over the Imperial Government. Like an American Territory, Servia or Wallachia enjoys the immunities of an incomplete political existence, but it has also to dispense with the hopes and the activity which belong to the members of organized and independent States. There have been practical reasons, however, for the establishment of an anomalous system in the regions of the Danube, and it is doubtful whether any less provisional arrangement would hitherto have been so conducive to the welfare of the population. It was the object of European, and especially of English policy, to prevent Russia from absorbing for her own benefit the independence which old tradition or warlike aptitude had secured against the Porte. The Servians govern themselves at their own pleasure, but they are debarred from interference in foreign politics, and consequently from amalgamations which might enable them to become a nucleus of Slavonian independence. Their dissatisfaction lays them open to the chronic intrigues of Russia,

and to the more fitful agitation which proceeds from France. In their quarrels with Turkey, they are generally in the wrong, because they wish to escape from their legal position; and semi-barbarous warriors seldom fail to add murder to simple irregularity. All judicial decisions must be in favour of the Porte; but there is a question of political expediency beyond the mere interpretation of treaties, and statesmen would do well to consider whether the designs of ambitious Powers might not be most effectually counteracted by depriving them of the leverage on which they act. The garrisons in Servia would be of no conceivable use to Turkey in case of foreign aggression, and in time of peace they only form a reason, or an excuse, for perpetual collisions. Independent States to the northward would form a better barrier than disaffected provinces which acknowledge no real allegiance to the SULTAN. Servia, with the alliances which it might form, would in course of time find an interest in leaning upon Turkey for protection against Russia, perhaps against Austria; and if the Government of Constantinople could be induced to make some nominal concessions, it might find that it was relieved from many substantial embarrassments. For the present, however, a settlement of the dispute between the Porte and its troublesome dependency is apparently impracticable. A compromise had been suggested and approved by the Commission, which seemed to promise a respite to the quarrel; and, though a proposal that the Turks should in future garrison two fortresses instead of four rested on no definite principle, an inconsistency is better than a war. But the present temper of the disputants seems to preclude such an arrangement. The Porte refuses to negotiate while the Servians continue to arm, and the Servians refuse to disarm, or to demolish their barricades. The Conferences are consequently broken off, and it is only to be hoped that it may hereafter become possible to resume them with some reasonable prospect of a peaceful settlement.

#### THE MONEY MARKET.

THE fluctuations of the Money Market, however difficult to predict, are almost always sufficiently intelligible after the event. The campaign of speculation is like the campaign of an army. Until the opposing forces have met, little more can be done than to estimate the strength and position of the conflicting powers, and it is only when the issue is determined that even the most skilful can fairly weigh the power of this side or that. The same uncertainty hangs over the movements of bulls and bears on the Stock Exchange; and it is not surprising that it should often happen, as it has done recently, that a confident opinion among the knowing experts of the market should be falsified by the event.

A few weeks ago, when the Bank of England, oppressed with the influx of bullion, reduced its rate of discount to a point which had not been touched for years, and which many supposed would never be seen again, an almost universal idea seemed to have been entertained that we were on the eve of a period of speculation like those which laid the foundations of our railway system, and, at a still earlier period, covered the country with joint-stock banks. All the signs of inflation were manifest enough for about a week. Projects of new companies of all kinds—gold mines at home, copper mines abroad—schemes for the production of all sorts of domestic and artistic necessaries—began to pour forth, and those which appeared at the nick of time were eagerly snatched at in the confident hope of a season of continually increasing premiums. As suddenly as it rose, the spirit of speculation fell, and at this moment a company based on the most solid foundation, and with the best evidence possible in such cases that ten or twenty per cent. dividends would be realized, would probably have no more chance of filling up its list of shareholders than a project for a railway to the moon, or a trading company in the Cannibal Islands. The revulsion is as strange as the momentary excitement which preceded it; and it is equally difficult in both cases to find any adequate inducement for the feelings which have alternately swayed that impulsive and rather gregarious body represented by the Stock Exchange and its speculative hangers-on. The position of affairs has undergone no very material change in the interval. It was well understood from the first that the plethora of bullion was due to two causes—one, the stagnation of the manufacturing industry of Lancashire, and the consequent slackness in the demand for floating capital, and the other, the excessive importations from America, caused by the peculiar financial policy of the United States. What is the amount of capital released from cotton manufacture and seeking other employments, it would be impossible to say; but it is stated that the ascertained excess of the imports from

America beyond the amount received in the corresponding months of 1861, has reached the considerable sum of 7,000,000*l.* From causes even more permanent in their nature than those already noticed, the demand for Consols has failed to keep pace with the general upward tendency of the market; and the steady increase in the Bank reserves was balanced, at the time when the reduction of interest took place, by the knowledge that very large amounts would have to be remitted as the contributions of this country to the various foreign loans which had been so eagerly taken. Turkey and Egypt, Russia and Portugal, were all looking for a share of our surplus wealth, and even out-of-the-way countries like Peru and Venezuela were participating in the benefits which all the world shares when the great emporium of money is more than usually well stocked. This was the state of things when the symptoms of speculation first showed themselves, and substantially this is the state of things now. The bullion at the Bank has slightly fallen off, but merely as the inevitable result of engagements previously entered into and publicly known. The demand for discount has at the same time experienced an appreciable increase, though not on a scale sufficient to induce the Bank to raise its terms. In the midst of a general feeling of dulness, money is almost as abundant on the Stock Exchange as it ever has been; and the reasonable interpretation of the reaction is not that any material change has occurred, but that the earlier tendency to inflation has been found to have been a mistake. In some most important respects, prospects have decidedly improved during the last few weeks. The Indian markets have begun to feel the stimulus of high prices, and at last the long-expected interchange of raw cotton for manufactured products promises to begin on a scale more commensurate with our necessities than the sluggish traffic of the last year. The weather at home has been more favourable than we had any right to expect; and, indifferent as the reports of the harvest are, they are much less gloomy than the reasonable prognostications of a month ago.

So far as can be judged at present, all the influences which stimulated the market are likely to continue. New York, it is true, has been sending us provisions instead of gold, to the mutual benefit of both countries; but the military and political news leave it beyond a doubt that the shipment of specie must continue on an important scale, despite the reputed abundance of the Yankee harvest, and the check which an almost prohibitory tariff will give to the export of our manufactures. Guns and ammunition, too, are finding their way by some means to the South; while the cotton which used to pay for our exports is still locked up by the blockade. Everything points to an influx of money as one of the chief articles of import from both sections of the once United States. The appetite for foreign loans has, we presume, been satiated for the present, and the limit of our gold exportations on account of them is already ascertained. If the harvest were more promising, there would be nothing to countervail the influences which tend to flood the country with money, and, unfortunately, as little to justify the hope that the ordinary operations of commerce will find employment for the customary amounts. But a deficient harvest transcends every other force which can operate on the money-market, and it is not yet certain that the crops of 1862 may not fall considerably short of an average harvest. Upon this, more than upon anything else, will depend the degree of buoyancy to be looked for in the autumn and winter months; and the uncertainty is quite enough to damp any speculative mania, and, indeed, enough to render the transitory movement of the early part of the month somewhat incomprehensible.

Whether the utter stagnation of all enterprise is a subject for congratulation may well be doubted; and we are not quite sure of the wisdom of those public teachers who can see no evil in anything, except in excessive speculation. Unfortunately, the time for wholesome enterprise is also the time for wild undertakings. The public, led as they are by the professional gamblers of the market, are always in one extreme mood or the opposite. Either they will fling away their money in the most reckless schemes, or they will shut it up in impenetrable suspicion. Old experience has shown that there is no discrimination in the enterprise of the public. There is scarcely any principle of natural selection to guide the investment of savings in a safe direction. Everything depends apparently on the season. There is a season for foreign loans; and then every one who has a few pounds to spare will have his modicum of scrip—it matters not whether the security be that of an honest and established Government, or of a country just emerging out of barbarism or crumbling into anarchy. At another time, the rage is for joint-stock companies, and anything which calls itself a company may

gather toll of the unwary without the smallest regard to the data on which it is founded, or the position of those by whom it is put forth. It is no wonder that this recklessness should call forth warnings from the experienced, or that the collapse of speculation should be looked upon as an unmixed good. And yet, if savings are to be invested and great undertakings to be carried out, joint-stock enterprise is absolutely essential, and must be taken with all its drawbacks. The railway mania was ruinous enough, but without it the country would have lacked the facilities of traffic which have been among the chief elements of its material progress during the last twenty years. It is better in every sense that English money should fructify in sound English undertakings than that it should be lent, though it be to the most solvent of foreign Governments. Even an unprofitable speculation at home is not more disastrous than an unsafe loan to a repudiating neighbour. Balancing the evil and the good, we may well regard the disposition to venture upon joint-stock enterprises (mixed as it is, and probably always will be, with abundant gambling and folly) as a solid element of national wealth and progress. If it were possible, one would desire to see the public guided by some little common sense in its choice of investments, but of this there is no great prospect. While shares are bought and sold, not upon any judgment maturely formed as to their probable value, but merely on the calculation of what their market price may be to-morrow or next week, extravagant speculations will float upon the same wave which gives buoyancy to reasonable enterprise. Still it is difficult to sympathize entirely with those who regard a state of stagnation as the only wholesome condition, and a period of inflation as the worst of calamities. The two extremes have each their evil consequences; and each, it must be remembered, tends to create an opposite reaction. The most unsatisfactory of the recent symptoms of the market has been the suddenness of the transition from gloom to buoyancy, and from buoyancy to gloom, without any adequate cause. When it is borne in mind to how great an extent the abundance of money is due to the prostration of business, and the favourable exchange to a destructive war, it will not seem surprising that the ordinary indications should be thought untrustworthy, and that the alternate moods of hopefulness and dulness should succeed each other with a rapidity of which no very precise explanation can be given. An uneasy and capricious market is but one among the incidental evils which we owe to the pugnacity of the United States.

#### TICKET-OF-LEAVE MEN.

IT is clear that we have not yet found out what to do with our criminals. We neither reform them, nor hang them, nor keep them under lock and key, nor ship them off to the Antipodes. Our moral sewage is neither deodorized nor floated out to sea, but remains in the midst of us polluting and poisoning our air. The pretended solution of this first of sanitary problems which the Legislature devised some half-dozen years ago, when transportation was formally abolished, turns out to be no solution at all. Practically, we are no further forward than we were when "garrotting" was first naturalized in our language as a familiar household word, and when "ticket-of-leave man" began to be a recognised synonym for the worst description of ruffian. Scarcely a day passes but we hear, in the police and assize courts, of the doings of some of those gentry whom prison chaplains and governors fancy they have reformed, and who are consequently let loose on society before their time, with free leave and license to run up a fresh score against the justice which they have first outraged and then cheated. It is probable that the ticket-of-leave men sometimes get credit in popular repute for performances which ought in strictness to be set down to convicts who have actually served out their sentences; but the case against them is quite bad enough without needing to be exaggerated. Ticket-of-leave men proper are undeniably chargeable with a very large proportion of the burglaries, the garrottages, the murderous assaults, and the other offences against person and property which swell our criminal calendars, and spread a general feeling of insecurity through society. It is certain that the worst sorts of crime are alarmingly on the increase, and it is equally certain that the increase is largely owing to that admirable system of penal discipline which remits half the sentences of convicts who contrive to persuade gaol authorities that they are sadder and wiser men than they were. Statistics are unnecessary to prove a fact of common notoriety; but recent returns show a frightfully augmented percentage of

those crimes which more especially point to the existence of a criminal class. The committals for "offences against property with violence" were 38 per cent. more in 1861 than in 1860, and no reader of newspapers can doubt that when the accounts for 1862 come to be made up, they will exhibit a serious further increase. It is evident that, with all our ingenious and complex apparatus for the reformation or restraint of the malefactors whom we have ceased to send abroad for their country's good, we have yet to recommence the solution of the question of criminal discipline.

In one point of view, it is reassuring to reflect that the system which has so signally failed is one which no rational person could ever have expected to succeed. It is not the system which was contemplated by the Legislature when penal servitude, qualified by licenses or tickets of leave, was substituted for transportation; and, therefore, it is at least conceivable that the fault may lie, not with the law, but with those who profess to administer it. The principle of the ticket-of-leave, as sanctioned by Parliament, may be open to objections, real or imaginary, but at all events it is a principle which in this country has never yet been carried out. In theory, it may be said to be a plausible — perhaps more than a plausible — device for at once testing, aiding, and confirming the reformation of an apparently well-conducted convict, and bridging over, in the safest way both for himself and for society, the critical transition from prison restraints and prison discipline to plenary personal freedom. The ticket-of-leave man is liberated merely on sufferance. His license may at any moment be revoked at the absolute discretion of the Executive. During the interval of qualified and conditional freedom which elapses before the legal expiration of his sentence, the man occupies an entirely exceptional position. He is supposed to be under the special supervision of the police authorities, who keep themselves constantly informed of his habits, associates, and way of life, and are empowered to come down upon him at an instant's notice if he gives any indication of lapsing into crime. The ticket bears on its face the conditions on which it is issued. It expressly notifies that if the bearer has no ostensible means of gaining an honest livelihood, if he keeps suspicious company, if he frequents suspicious haunts, if he leads a vicious and disorderly life, the sentence recorded against him revives in full force. It is not necessary that he should commit any actual crime, or undergo any legal trial. It is enough that his conduct is not satisfactory to the authorities, in which case he may at once be sent back to prison for the unexpired residue of his original term of punishment. This is the theory. It is obviously not free from objections, some of which may be entitled to consideration. We lay no stress on the disadvantages under which the supposed police supervision would place the convict in his attempts to rise in the world, or on the difficulty that a known criminal might find in obtaining employment which would be open to him if he could only hide his antecedents. No man has a right to gain people's confidence under a false character, and the protection of honest men is of more importance than the possible reform of rogues and ruffians. A more substantial objection to the system is, that it necessarily clothes the police with powers which are, to say the least, anomalous in a free country. It may be fairly argued that the revocation of an indulgence granted as a reward for good conduct is virtually equivalent to the infliction of a fresh punishment, and that it is contrary to the spirit of English law and justice that a man should forfeit his liberty, without any form of trial, for some undefined offence against a police magistrate's notions of propriety. Be this, however, as it may, the principle of the ticket-of-leave is what we have stated; and there can be little doubt that, if it were practically carried out, it would afford society very considerable security against the most dangerous of its dangerous clauses. If the legal conditions of this quasi-pardon were steadily enforced, we should, at any rate, have a large section of our criminal population well in hand.

Unluckily, however, the theory is only a theory. Except in Ireland, where the system is really at work, and is stated to work remarkably well, not the slightest attempt is made in any part of the United Kingdom to enforce the conditions which are the very essence of the ticket-of-leave. There is no police supervision of the provisionally-liberated convict. No note is taken of his employments, his habits, or his associates. He is never made to feel that the eye and hand of authority are still upon him. He goes where he likes, does what he likes, consorts with whom he likes, precisely as if he were legally a free man. We are not aware of a single recorded instance in which a ticket-of-leave has been revoked and the man sent back to finish his time in prison, merely because he was not known

to be earning his bread honestly, and was known to keep questionable company. Even the actual commission of crime does not, it seems, necessarily involve forfeiture of the license. There was a case lately in which it appeared that a man had been twice convicted of attempts at burglary, and had undergone two separate terms of imprisonment of three months each, while a former sentence of penal servitude was still nominally running on. Yet his ticket was never cancelled, and he was left at perfect liberty to try his luck again. A correspondent of the *Times* gave us the other day a little biography of one "J. H.," whose case there is no reason to think exceptional. "J. H." got seven years' transportation in August 1852, and received his ticket-of-leave for "good conduct in prison" in September 1857. In little more than a month he committed a fresh offence, and was sentenced to four years' penal servitude. This would have brought him to October 1861. He was liberated, however, in February 1861, and, before six weeks were over, committed a new and worse crime, for which he was awarded ten years of penal servitude. But it is needless to multiply illustrations of a state of things which is perfectly notorious. The ticket-of-leave is habitually given, as a matter of course, to convicts whose subsequent conduct shows that they can never have been entitled to the boon, and that no attempt can have been made to exercise that preventive control over them which was unquestionably intended by the Legislature, and without which the whole system is the idlest and most mischievous of shams.

The question whether the obvious advantages offered by a real ticket-of-leave system would outweigh the objections which may be reasonably urged against it, is one which we are not now discussing. It may be right, or it may be wrong, to give a qualified freedom to convicts who are thought likely to make a good use of it, guarding the indulgence with conditions and precautions which may be presumed to neutralize its dangers. But it is quite certain that the pseudo-ticket-of-leave system actually in operation is a miserable delusion, which can serve no possible end either in the way of restraint on the criminal or protection to society. If there are any insuperable objections, on constitutional or other grounds, to the rigorous enforcement, in England as in Ireland, of the conditions on which tickets-of-leave are given, that is no reason why the conditions should be treated as a dead letter; but it is a very good reason why tickets-of-leave should not be given. The whole virtue of the system, if there is any virtue in it, consists precisely in that part of it which has hitherto been allowed to remain an absolute nullity — namely, in the securities which it professedly affords against the early relapse of the half-pardoned criminal into his old ways. If it is impracticable or inexpedient to give practical effect to those securities, there is nothing to be done but to renounce the system of which they form the most essential element, and devise some new way of dealing with our convicts which shall not carry fiction and humbug on its face.

#### ESSAYS.

THE present generation of Englishmen has witnessed the invention of several novelties in literature, and two of the most conspicuous are novels and essays. Strictly speaking, neither were novelties, for the eighteenth century had seen essays and novels of a very high order. But novels and essays are new now-a-days, in so far as they satisfy a new want, and are produced in a new way. They have become part of the great teaching machinery of an age that delights in education. It has passed into a common saying that novels and not sermons are the vehicles of instruction which are now in fashion; and novels are fast finding a rival power in essays. That this is any reproach to sermons is, if true at all, only true in a very moderate degree. It appears to us by no means desirable that clergymen should attempt to carry the application of the truths they teach into the field of social life. The clergyman has a definite task, that of speaking of the things that are not of this world, and he had better stick to it. It is true that sermons are not very entertaining, if they only touch on spiritual matters. But, in the first place, it may be remarked that persons often fail to be interested in sermons for the simple reason that they are not interested in the subjects of which sermons properly treat, and in the second place, it is not obvious why people should claim to be entertained in church. But persons who like to be instructed, or who at least like to think that they like instruction, have a very natural wish to hear discussions on social life, on its duties, pleasures, opportunities, and diseases. They also have a wish, which is equally natural, that these discussions should be put in an easy, intelligible, inviting form. Novels are just what they want; but novels do not quite suffice. For, in the first place, good novels are not to be had for the asking, and then the sort of instruction that is conveyed in novels is found to be, practically, much the

same thing over and over again. Essays have recently come to their aid. The Quarterly Reviews introduced the kind of Essay which consists in an elaborate discussion of a literary subject, or of some point of political debate which is of a sort to bear prolonged investigation. We have now an abundance of essays of this sort, and it would be a very moderate computation to say that five hundred specimens of this department of literary manufacture are offered every year to the British public. More recently a shorter kind of essay has come into fashion—one which treats briefly and as pointedly as it can of any subject of social interest that happens to come uppermost. It is worth while considering what are the advantages of this vehicle of instruction, and also what are the disadvantages.

There can be no doubt that literary essays quicken and refresh our interest in authors with whom we are acquainted, and give us a great amount of useful information about authors of whom we know nothing but, perhaps, the name. We cannot be always reading over books we know. Even if we did read them, we could probably do nothing more than refresh our old feelings and thoughts about them. It is a great gain to have the impressions of another given us as an aid to see something more in favourite writers than we have seen before. The essay writer is also bound to take much more pains about the book which he is noticing than a casual reader has generally done. He has to know something of the literature of the time; he has had to read and re-read the book he notices until familiarity with it puts it in a new light before him, and gives it a new meaning. He has also, probably, learnt the art of writing by long practice, and what he says has at least the merit of coming from some one whose judgment is practised, and whose powers of criticism have been gradually trained. An essay on an author or on a branch of literature that is new to us gives us a stock of second-hand information which is exceedingly useful. We learn something about the sort of influence which this unknown author or set of authors have exercised, and we form a notion as to the value of this influence. The superficial knowledge of many books thus acquired has the advantage of enabling us to talk about them, or understand dimly the allusion when they are referred to. There can be no question that essays have greatly helped conversation. They cannot give the point, the vivacity, the sprightliness which have constituted the charm of the best conversation of select circles, but they are a great assistance to the conversation which modern society most requires—the conversation of strangers or of passing acquaintance with each other. A clever person who reads quarterly reviews steadily would find it much more easy to take part in, and to understand, the general conversation of a chance group of educated persons than would have been possible had no such things as miscellaneous essays been invented. The shorter kind of essays has also the special merit of putting before readers some salient point—of giving just as much of it as they can stand, and of suggesting a variety of subjects of thought which everyone recognises as worth considering, but which no one cares to go into very profoundly. These short essays are, in fact, hints for thought, and carry with them all the stimulus that hints, if well directed and justifiable, can impart.

But it would be a great mistake to make more of essays than they deserve. Reading about books is not the same as reading them, and never can be. At the moment of reading a good literary essay on a book, we seem as if we knew a great deal about the author—almost more, perhaps, than he knew himself. But it is astonishing how little we really learn, and how soon what we read passes out of the mind. A man might go through the current numbers of the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly* and like them very much, and a month hence be hard put to it to give an account of any one article. The instruction of essays is a very fugitive instruction. They give us rather a mode of treating things than things themselves. When a schoolboy first reads Lord Macaulay's *Essays* he believes he has had suddenly given to him a key to all literature. Whatever he finds written in these volumes is to be a satisfactory account to him and the world of all that Lord Macaulay handled. He only wishes that all subjects had been so treated, and then he would get omniscience with about as much trouble as it costs ordinary people to learn French. But when he is left alone with a subject that he is told to treat, and which is not contained in Lord Macaulay's volumes, he finds that the only thing he can do to come near his model is to write with a grandiloquence of which he hardly knows whether to be proud or ashamed. Still, if he is wise, he will persevere in reading essays. They will introduce him to many things of which otherwise he would remain ignorant. They will stimulate him to make his interests wide. They will save him a great deal of trouble after he has learnt to discriminate between what is good in them and what is bad, and will give him just as much about many subjects as he perceives it will ever be worth while for him to know. There are, for example, Polish and Sanskrit poets who are undoubtedly poets, and of whose works it is quite worth while to have a general idea. But we do not most of us want to know much about them. It would never repay us to learn Polish or Sanskrit to read them. A good essay will tell us all that we can find profit in knowing of them. Still, although a sensible young man may gain greatly by reading a great variety of miscellaneous essays, yet he is sure in the course of time to feel that he is beginning to exhaust this method of instruction. Essays become less interesting to him. He wants to know a few things, not to know about many things; and he comes to regard the essay as a vehicle, not of high education, but only

of an education that suits people whose general interest in literature requires to be stimulated.

The author of short essays on social subjects appeals to a different class of readers, and effects a different object. He does not propose to give information. He discusses points for the most part familiar and intelligible. But he proposes to put them in a new light, and to call attention to some point of view that he thinks neglected or not perceived. He fixes the limits of his essay, and announces that a certain thing, and no other, shall be his subject. By this he gains great latitude of discussion. He can always refuse to be led away into parts of his topic on which he does not care to enter. He need not proclaim the basis on which he rests his belief or grounds his judgment. He may declare that he knows there is a theological, or a scientific, or an artistic side of his subject-matter, but that he does not choose to notice it. He thus gains what he could not otherwise possibly gain—the means of treating a great subject in a small space. He is definite because he is limited. He suggests a hint, and he could not suggest the hint if he undertook to explain every thing. That he does not undertake this has the double advantage of making his task possible, and also of falling in with the process by which men, as a matter of fact, do advance in thought. We often are helped forward more by suggestive hints than by elaborate explanations. But, at the same time, a hint is not a full discussion, and the insistence on one point of view is not like the fair treatment of a whole subject. An essay writer easily avoids going into fundamental speculation. But so long as he does not let us see what his fundamental beliefs and thoughts really are, we cannot be sure that he really thinks, or has any business to think, what he appears to think. He chooses, for example, to say that he omits the theological side of a question. Perhaps, if he embraced it, he would himself show that the view he takes apart from theology is untenable. We do not know how much he suppresses, nor how much he understates or overstates. Of course, if he is a man whose essays are worth reading, he never says what he believes or suspects to be untrue. But he naturally regards it as his privilege to say only what appears to him to be true, after such an amount of thought as he can be reasonably supposed to be bound to devote to it; and, as his readers know that he only professes to write within certain limits, he takes it for granted that they will not expect him to do more than he professes to do. He is not to be called upon for the fulness and accuracy proper to an octavo volume, when the eyes of all who read him inform them that ten octavo pages would easily hold all that he has written.

Essay writing also, like novel writing, being accepted as a process desired by the public, has naturally come under the laws of literary production, and essays are now furnished to meet a want, and often not to express anything the writer has to say. This has given rise to a very peculiar feature in essays—that of a confidential intercourse in the essay itself between the writer and his readers. The deficiency of matter is compensated by the personal pleasantness and frankness of the author. We should not, perhaps, have guessed beforehand that the public would have cared about these confidences. But experience has shown that they do; and as essays are apt to be dry, it is thought to be amusing that the writer should tell all about himself, and even give his own opinions about his productions. There is a vein of affectionate maundering in this that is practically discovered to be popular. A. K. H. B., for example, who is one of the most popular essayists of the day, carries the art to its last extreme. His readers apparently relish everything he likes to tell them about himself. He even, on one occasion, added a sort of postscript to one of his essays, in which he said that he had just read over his essay and thought it very bad. No doubt he was right; but scarcely any one except a writer who thoroughly appreciated the popularity of affectionate maundering would have ventured to say so. That this sort of familiar confiding essays is popular is unquestionable; but we must remark that the thought which it is supposed to be the main purpose of the essayist to convey cannot press upon him very heavily, he cannot be possessed with an idea, he cannot have anything very important to say, if he finds space and has heart for this kind of unphilosophical digression. From the value of social essays we must deduct, first, the narrow range in which alone the writer, if he knows his business, professes to write, and then the chance that he has nothing much to say, and only writes because a little thought, mixed up with a good deal of personal revelation and of the salices of a cheery impudence, constitutes a marketable article.

#### THE UNITED STATES IN 1783.

WE have lately come across a rather curious book, describing the United States, as they appeared at one of the most critical moments of their existence to an admiring European, then unknown, but who afterwards attained to some measure of fame. In 1788, Brissot de Warville, afterwards the well-known leader of the Girondists, travelled through the United States, and recorded what he saw in a series of letters. We lately stumbled on an English translation of these, which forms the exact antipodes of Mr. Reeve's translation of M. de Tocqueville. In 1794 the English translator of a French book did not, it seems, think it any part of his business to improve on his author. Instead of displaying his own rhetoric, he translates so very literally that the construction of half his sentences is French rather than English. We thank him for so doing, because, not having seen the original,

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we feel sure that such a translation is really a faithful representation of what the author wrote.

The time at which Brissot visited America was just before the beginning of the great Revolution in his own country, and just before the establishment of the Federal Government in the United States. The Union then still consisted only of the original Thirteen States, and those States were just in the throes of passing from the lax union—in plain words, the anarchy—of the old Confederation to the closer and more lasting bond of the Federal constitution. That constitution was, in 1788, still under debate. In the course of the year it was adopted by more than the quorum of States required to establish it; but North Carolina and Rhode Island still held out, as they did till 1789 and 1790 respectively. A more interesting moment for a calm political inquirer cannot be imagined. But Brissot was not a calm political inquirer. It is, indeed, not very wonderful that he was not so. It was pardonable in a Frenchman of Brissot's views if, at such a moment, he went to the United States with the feelings of a pilgrim rather than those of a student. Here was a real republic to be seen, and live republicans to be talked to. Here was a man who wanted to make a revolution meeting with men who had really made one. To criticize their work would have been like being admitted to the society of Olympus, and criticizing the Gods on one's return. But though one would not have expected from Brissot de Warville any very philosophical examination of the Federal Constitution, yet one might have thought that it would, anyhow, have been the first object of his attention, which it certainly was not. Constitution-making has been such a favourite French pastime that one would have thought he would have been quite in his element. But Brissot de Warville and Alexander Hamilton did not begin their constitution-making from quite the same point. Brissot began talking to his American friends about the Social Compact; and about the Social Compact there certainly is not one word in the Federal Constitution.

It should, however, be remembered, that the sort of republicanism in vogue in France in those days was something which would by no means have been satisfied with establishing a government without a king. Disgusted as Frenchmen like Brissot were at the rottenness of the old régime in their own land, merely political changes were but a small portion of their platform. Republican morals, republican manners, republican simplicity of life, were the things which they sighed after, quite as much as republican freedom. They longed to see Cincinnatus guiding his plough, and Curius roasting his turnips. That Curius was really a man of the people, while Cincinnatus (if Sir G. C. Lewis will let us believe in him at all) was one of the bitterest of oligarchs, never entered their heads. It is in the nature of things that the manners of America in 1788 should be far more simple than those of France. We doubt whether the mere fact of the United States being a republic had much to do with it; but to Brissot de Warville it was everything. He had found the true republican paradise, peopled by the true republican angels. Everybody in the United States was good, and the Quakers were best of all.

The chief interest of the book is in the glimpses which it gives us of the small beginnings of questions which have since assumed a gigantic importance. Slavery had not yet divided State from State nor party from party, but it was already felt to be the great difficulty of the country. Most of the States were employed in legislating about it—some providing for its immediate, and others for its final, extinction, while many of those which did not meddle with the institution itself were endeavouring to get rid of its worst consequence by forbidding the African slave-trade. The germ of the Abolition party may be discerned in the Quakers, who had already set free their own slaves as a matter of religious principle; and of course there were plenty of men on the other side who stood up obstinately for what they looked on as their own interest. But slavery seems nowhere to have been defended on principle. The argument of "Cursed be Canaan" had not yet been hit upon. The best men in Virginia, Washington at their head, looked forward to the abolition of slavery in their own State, though they did not see their way towards bringing it about just then. And, even in the States where slavery had been abolished, men were beginning to see the inconveniences of the existence of the two races side by side, and the impossibility of practically raising the black to a level with the white. Large schemes of re-colonization of Africa by free negroes—the foreshadowings of Liberia—were already talked of, and receive our French traveller's fullest admiration.

The action of the Federal body on the subject well illustrates the contrary feelings between which the minds of Americans were then divided. Slavery was a fact to which men could not shut their eyes. On the other hand, it was something of which good men were ashamed, and which they wished to get rid of. The Constitution recognises the thing, but it does not recognise the name. The word "slave" never occurs—the person to whom it is applicable being described by a variety of odd circumlocutions. This is a tradition which has descended to our own times. We have seen the slave described in a similar round-about way alike in recent Acts of Congress and in the proclamations of such Northern Generals as have thought it their duty to attend to constitutional scruples. By the Constitution the fugitive slave is to be restored; but there is not a word about fugitive slaves in the Constitution. "No person, held to service or labour in one State under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein,

be discharged from such service or labour, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labour may be due." This, of course, includes the slave; but it is manifest that the provision equally meets the case of an apprentice or a hired servant who should run away during the time of his hiring. The other article on the subject is darker still:—"The migration or importation of such persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit shall not be prohibited by the Congress prior to the year 1808; but a tax may be imposed on such importation, not exceeding ten dollars for each person." This is the provision which was understood to give the slave-trade, as far as Federal legislation was concerned, a run of twenty years, after which Congress might forbid it. Till then, it was left to the judgment of the several States, most of which did forbid it within their own limits. But the slave trade comes in only by implication. The words of the article would seem to apply to all persons whatever entering the States. The landing of any traveller at New York is clearly the migration, if not the importation, of such persons as the State of New York thinks proper to admit. One might infer that, after 1808, Congress might forbid the entrance of anybody whatever into the Union. And has it occurred to Mr. Chase that a tax of ten dollars upon all foreign visitors is rather suggested than otherwise by the terms of the Constitution?

Secession, by that name, was not yet heard of, unless, indeed, we are to hold, with Colonel Shaffner, that the eleven States which at that moment formed the Union had seceded from North Carolina and Rhode Island. But, of course, till those States acceded to the Constitution, the Union could not be looked upon as perfect. It was still possible that each of those States might choose to remain as a wholly independent commonwealth. Or the two together might, on Colonel Shaffner's view, give themselves out as the real United States, according to the terms of the original Confederation. This state of things, added to the previous debates on the Constitution, might well raise the question as to the permanence of the Union. On this head M. Brissot had much stronger confidence than some of those who were more interested. The question, then, seems not to have lain so much between North and South as between East and West. It was doubted whether the new States which were forming beyond the old colonial settlements would adhere to the Union. Brissot was "determined by a number of reasons to believe that the present union will for ever subsist." This is a bold thing to say of any government anywhere. But Brissot's prophecy, as to the particular point on which it was hazarded, has remained true thus far. North and South have separated from one another, but each has carried its own portion of the West with it. Indeed, the chiefs of each side are alike citizens of States which in Brissot's time had no being. A President from Mississippi bears rule over the countrymen of Washington and Jefferson, and a President from Illinois is something very like a despot over the countrymen of Adams and Hamilton.

It must be remembered that in 1788 the States were still shut in to the south and west by France and Spain. The Mexican Gulf was not yet "mare nostrum," nor was New Orleans a republican city. But the extension of the Republic in this direction was already foreseen. Brissot does not say much about his own countrymen, but he looks forward with reasonable delight to the prospect of the active American supplanting the sluggish Spaniard in possession of the mouths of the Mississippi. Fifteen years later, the American took peaceful possession, by the strength, not of his sword, but of his dollars. But curiously enough, it was not the Spaniard, but the Frenchman, whom he supplanted.

In one respect, Brissot's predictions have been most signally deceived. He ends his story with a great flourish of trumpets about what is to be the state of the American continent at a point somewhere about our own time. We forgive the mere fine writing about "Mexicans, Peruvians, men of the United States, Frenchmen, and Canadians, embracing each other, cursing tyrants, and blessing the reign of Liberty, which leads to universal harmony." So we are not surprised when he sees in the spirit "Happiness and Industry smiling side by side, Beauty adorning the daughter of Nature, Liberty and Morals rendering almost useless the coercion of Government and Laws, and gentle Tolerance taking place of the ferocious Inquisition." We get something more definite when he sees "this whole extent of continent, from Canada to Quito, covered with cultivated fields, little villages, and country houses." We have something directly amenable to criticism when we find in a note the deliberate prediction:—

America will never have enormous cities like London and Paris, which would absorb the means of industry and vitiate morals. Hence it will result that property will be more equally divided, population greater, manners less corrupted, and industry and happiness more universal.

If Rienzi took his memories for hopes, Brissot de Warville certainly took his hopes for prophecies. He tells us here, as absolutely certain, just what should have been, but just what has not been. Probably no one cause has done America so much evil as the growth of the one "enormous city" of New York, with its population of the scum of all nations. Among the wild talk of Manhattan, some hints have been dropped that New York ought to become the capital of the whole country. Now, if North and South definitely separate, the Northern seat of government can hardly remain at Washington—a point chosen as being in those days central for the whole Union. But anyhow, it must not be moved to New York. Everyone must see that the mob of that huge city has, even now, far too great an influence over the deliberations of the Federal Government. If President and

congress actually took up their abode among them, all hope would be gone. Far better would it be for New York, as we have somewhere seen suggested, to set up for itself altogether. In this matter, as in most others, the experience of the Old World may well be hearkened to. A kingdom must have a capital, but a Federation is better without it. If it has a great city among its members, it should fix its seat of government anywhere else—at Egium, the Hague, or Washington—not at Corinth, Amsterdam, or New York. What may happen to the Northern Federation should it ever come under the practical supremacy of New York, we may infer from what happened to the Boeotian Federation when it came under the practical supremacy of Thebes.

#### PUZZLEHEADEDNESS.

**A**RCHBISHOP WHATELY, in a note on *Bacon's Essays*, has said some very suggestive and amusing things about puzzle-headedness. Every year the subject grows, but the Exhibition year brings matters to head. A confiding female was overheard in the Foreign Picture Gallery to inquire of her husband who was the painter of a picture at which they were then gazing. "The Imperial Government" was his prompt answer, as he looked with assurance at the wrong column of the catalogue, and hardly winced under the odd sound of his reply. They then passed to another painting, putting on an outside appearance of satisfaction, but each probably with a secret conviction that something somewhere must be wrong. The Exhibition is undoubtedly an admirable school for the study of mankind in a state of mystification. Mr. Tulliver would have been carried senseless from the building. The contentedly ignorant swarm there—those who abide happy in a general and manifest absence, not only of knowledge, but of thought. These have no prudery about the display of mental nakedness; and they are represented satisfactorily by the spectators who took the tinted Venus for Jezebel, and who wondered why "yonder young woman [Pandora] should have been represented in the act of taking a pinch of snuff." But the partially informed and thoroughly confused are still more numerous. We are all ignorant more or less; but in the Exhibition, the best-informed person may soon grow as ill at ease as Charles Lamb used to be made by a *tête-à-tête*. We are most of us willing to shroud our ignorance as well as we can, if not by positive shuffling, at any rate by hazarding tolerably "wide solutions." But it is seldom that we are summoned to meet demands so multifarious as those of the Exhibition. The puzzled mind is not often called upon to keep up so many balls of conjecture at once.

Puzzleheadedness, speaking generally, is a species of mental indigestion. It betokens a plethora of information, regard being had to the practical strength of the reasoning faculties. The symptoms abound on all hands. The lists of Mudie's *Library* suggest some odd reflections on the manner in which books and topics are bolted by an omnivorous public. These lists, be it remembered, represent the main sources of the general information now in vogue. Here are the volumes that adorn our tables, and fill in the interstices of small talk. The *Origin of Species* has now figured for some time amongst them. Yet which of us can reckon up half a dozen of our everyday friends of whom we are tolerably certain that they could state Mr. Darwin's theory correctly, and adduce (say as many as) two reasons for its adoption by him? What small fraction of drawing-room disputants will be able to aver the perusal of any one of the seven disputed *Essays and Reviews*? Considering the patronage of late years bestowed on books of travel, and especially of travel in Africa, one would suppose that the public might now be pretty generally in a condition to pass a competitive examination in matters relating to that continent. Nor will we refuse assent to the supposition, when a decent majority in chance drawing-room circle shall have returned correct answers to the following questions:—1. On which side of the Mountains of the Moon does the Lake District lie? and 2. Is Okavango the name of a town, mountain, river, or cannibal chief? Popularized science is not entitled to escape the blame of having largely contributed to the support of mental confusion. Handbooks of geology, botany, and chemistry, with the legion of manuals on the physiological aspects of common life, have much to answer for. But there is perhaps no subject on which people get so far out at sea as in social economy. What the industrious writers in the *Social Science Review* may be doing on the special behalf of Social Science does not seem very clear. But they may be quite certain that they are sowing the seeds of a truly abundant harvest of intellectual embarrassment. Statistics, regarded as elements of philosophical research, and as means for the practical advancement of knowledge, require the keenest insight and the most delicate manipulation. The prime error of Social Science philosophers appears to be that they indulge an excessive deference to statistical detail, and that they have a tendency to utilize statistics prematurely—that is, before time has been allowed to supplement the tables by a thousand accessory facts or considerations which you can never tabulate. All this results in giving a vigorous impulse to shallow research, and a wider dissemination than ever to the conceit of knowledge without the reality. Thus, it is not at all an uncommon thing to meet with peddling inquiries into the condition of the operative and criminal classes, paraded as though they had an essential value of their own, and as though action founded upon such details would be incontrovertibly good and useful. Whereas, in plenty of instances, the kindest and wisest thing to be done towards the persons concerned would be to leave them alone, allowing them to work out their own social

salvation under the invariable conditions of effort and perseverance. Remove every impediment out of their way by all means; but disown, for their own sake, the error which debases our duty towards our neighbour to the level of class-meddling.

It is a commonplace to remark that real conversation, whether you call it a gift or an art, is all but defunct. But if the "harmony divine" is mute, or nearly so, our ears are filled to excess with the "constant creaking of the country sign." If we have few conversers, there never was a time when so many plausible talkers were abroad. We will not say there is no more fertile source, for there is no source that is one-tenth part so fertile of mental confusion as this readiness to talk about subjects with very insufficient data, and sometimes with none at all, to go upon. Great as was the puzzleheadedness of England during the War of Independence, it has been more than equalled by the confusion of notions under which we have laboured as spectators of the pending American contest. The nation has confessedly veered round from Northern prepossessions to something like a lively sympathy with the struggles of the South for political disengagement. This is commonly attributed to the outrageous conduct of the Federals themselves. But the responsibility does not rest exclusively with Wilkes and Butler, and the policy of which they are the representatives. Something at any rate must be set down to the ignorance with which we started in our comments on the progress of the war. We do not speak for a moment as if matters ought to have been otherwise in this special instance. The British public were not bound to read up the past and contemporary history of the United States merely with a view to a possible war in which we might chance to be called upon, in some form or other, to take a side. We only point to the facts as they stand—our confessed deficiency of knowledge and our rapid and violent vacillation of opinion. And as it is with the nation, so it is with the individual—with small subjects as with great. Nor is a want of facts more conspicuous than a want of thought. Great as is the bore of collecting sound and accurate knowledge about current events, the bore of original reflection upon them is greater still. Thought, really initiated and bottomed in one's own resources, requires an effort far too great to permit of the expectation that the puzzleheadedness which arises from its absence will ever be very generally dispelled.

That nice equipoise of judgment which results from the capacity of looking at a question from two distinct points of view, and which bespeaks a discriminating acquaintance with both sides, is sometimes vulgarly mistaken for puzzleheadedness. Nothing is, in reality, more distinct from it. To hesitate is not necessarily to be confused. An unusually large number of subjects, social, political, and religious, have at the present day arrived at a point where an exact balance of opinion may be, and is, held with reference to them by the soundest contemporary thinkers. One of the results is a widely spread feeling of hesitation on several topics of vital interest, more generally felt than acknowledged, but perfectly easy to trace out in several directions. The frequency with which the Legislature has recently come to a dead lock on important points furnishes one of the surest indications of a set balance in the feelings and opinions of the country at large. Parliamentary Reform, the "status of the Church," and not only the details, but even the first principles of Primary Education are, as matters of practical legislation, more or less in a state of abeyance. If this were the proper place for analysing the phenomena of theological controversy, very striking examples might be brought forward from that quarter—examples, that is to say, of a condition of thought liable to be mistaken for confusion because it is marked by hesitation, but, in reality, due to a singularly even balance of opinion and argument on many conflicting questions. In matters affecting the well-being of society, it is not on the surface only, but far below the surface, that a preponderance of opinion is no longer found on certain points where it used to be overwhelming. "Can wrong be right?" is an inquiry which does duty as the title of a tale; but it may also be regarded as a brief summary of a widely-reaching hesitancy about more than one ancient landmark of civilized rule and usage. Our great contemporary poet is pre-eminently the poet of doubt, of balanced reason. The hope that lives "behind the veil" is just enough, but not more than enough, to allay uneasy inquiries like—

Are God and Nature then at strife,  
That Nature lends such evil dreams?

and to temper the despair which would otherwise arise from our universal ignorance—

Behold, we know not anything;  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last—far off—at last, to all,  
And every winter change to spring.

A condition of hesitancy is not, however, necessarily—as we have said before—one of intellectual confusion. It may invite the spread of confused notions, partly because it is a condition of things in which action becomes difficult or suspended; but this is accidental only. By-and-by the period of movement returns; and then the question arises, Will the general movement be one of progress or of retrogression? It is not going one step too far to say that it lies within the power of individuals to help forward a prosperous solution of this question. Every one who will take the trouble to be genuinely thoughtful in the acquisition of new knowledge, and the consolidation of what he already possesses, avoiding indolence on one side and superficial cram on the other, is

performing one of the highest duties possible to us. He is quietly, and perhaps unconsciously to himself, strengthening the reason and the will—the digestive faculties of the mind. And he is working, no matter with what absence of definite result at present, in the great interest of truth. He may remain in doubt all his life, but he will to a certainty grow less and less puzzleheaded.

The vastly extended application of positive method belonging to the present day, and the real increase of knowledge, must not mislead us into supposing that the possession of such and such a method, or the attainment of this or that degree of knowledge, will guarantee sound progress for the future. That can only be secured by a means which every man may strengthen or weaken for himself—namely, a genuine attachment to truth for its own sake. Every new discovery that touches preconceived opinion operates with the torpedo-like effect of the Socratic dialectics. The newly-created consciousness of ignorance—or of the necessity of unlearning something which has been immemorially received as certain—is unpleasant and humiliating. If the sensation be met by a steadfast will, loyal to the pursuit of truth, the disagreeable stage of feeling is quickly overcome and largely compensated by what follows. To evade the pain is to leave confusion worse confounded, with the reversion of a yet more painful shock in prospect.

#### MODERN COLONIES.

MANY things either are, or lately have been, upon their trial among us. Some six or seven years ago, Constitutional Government was said, not without plausibility, to have broken down under the pressure of a difficult war. At this very moment, those commonplace eulogies of Republican Government which have kept themselves alive, better or worse, since the beginning of the French Revolution, seem about to be swallowed up in the political earthquake which is convulsing the great Democracy. So also, we think, it would be generally admitted that the reasons for retaining, and the best methods of administering, our American and Australian dependencies, have to be reconsidered. The old watchword of "Ships, Colonies, and Commerce," sufficiently indicates why our ancestors peopled the wilderness, and what they expected from it in return. The colonists were there to consume British commodities, whether they liked them or not, and to co-operate with protection at home in promoting the general prosperity of the empire. Other countries, such as Spain, might attempt to revive an authority like that of Rome, and to harass their subject provinces by the direct extraction of tribute. We, though perhaps not less determined to make a profit out of those remote settlements, preferred to do so indirectly by monopolizing their trade. Spain or France might vex us with hostile tariffs, or threaten us with desolating wars; but the colonies were to grow in wealth and population in order to feed the commerce of the Mother-country with inexhaustible supplies, and thus render us comparatively independent of international jealousies or European disputes. They were to represent, in short, the arrows in the hand of the giant, whenever we spoke with our enemies in the gate. At that time, no one disputed the wisdom or efficiency of such proceedings. Even the North American colonists, who bristled up into an unconquerable rebellion rather than submit to a threepenny tax upon tea, seem to have accepted our Navigation-laws, and other restrictions upon their commercial freedom, as part of the order of nature. Now, however, in England at least, these doctrines are out of fashion. The colonial theory of commerce, and the free-trade theory of commerce, are irreconcilable with one another, and it is the latter which has prevailed. Such being the case, it is not a little remarkable that a country like England, possessing such vast dependencies, should have been the first to carry the principles of free trade into effect, with a zeal and determination which the rest of the world, as yet, fail to approach; though, perhaps, the explanation does not lie much deeper than this—that the new system, once felt to be the true one, has enlisted on its side the same practical energy and good sense which created and upheld the old. Be this, however, as it may, it is clear that, from the moment the victory of free trade was decisive, our colonies ceased to exist for us as before. Our military posts may still possess their military value, and our penal settlements, such as we have been allowed to keep, or such as in self-defence we may be compelled hereafter to establish, may still remain to us an important social advantage. But the real colonies—the plantations, to use the earlier and more expressive word—no longer stand to us in their old relations. It is highly desirable that we, and still more that they, should recognise this political truth, as it is one fruitful of important consequences to us and to them. It does not follow that the ties which unite us are to be broken. It may still be quite right that the colonies should be kept. But the reasons for keeping them are no longer the same. The new wine may be as good as the old, but if not poured into new bottles, it runs the risk of being irrecoverably wasted and lost.

To do the colonies justice, they recognise the difference of our relations in many respects. They tax the imports of the Mother-country without scruple. They are not much disposed to ask the advice of England as to the management of their own concerns, or even to listen to it with special reverence, if it happen to come to them unasked. So long, indeed, as the national career is smooth and prosperous, they exercise their practical independence with great self-complacency. It is only when a difficulty supervenes—more especially when money has to be spent, or blood to be shed—that their notions of filial subordination become, to adopt,

a phrase of Miss Austen's, "only too strict to suit the unfriendly tone of the present day." But though these sudden gusts of loyalty may seem quite natural and right to a Canadian, it is not astonishing that they should be less admired here. The British tax-payer seems more and more inclined to look upon a great colonial empire as little better than a splendid mistake, and is beginning to ask himself very seriously why it should be maintained. Not, apparently, for the sake of commerce; since Great Britain even now is treated as a foreign nation, and has no security for the future that she will even be placed on a level with the most favoured foreign nation, if the interest of any particular colony seems to point in an opposite direction. Not as a home for our emigrants; since, for centuries to come, Canada and Australia, whether as subordinate or as independent countries, will gladly absorb all whom we can send—not to mention that if it occurred to them that British emigrants, or a particular class of British emigrants, were better away, their boundless loyalty to the Queen would be found just as compatible with excluding our people as with taxing our goods. Not as giving strength in war; since the possession of these vast regions is one of the causes why we are so often plunged into metaphorical hot water—an element which, like actual hot water, tends to strengthen the extremities only by drawing away blood from the heart. Indeed, now that, from the perfection and the cost of modern discipline, it has become the character of a campaign to be short, sharp, and decisive, we should be more puzzled than of old to defend our possessions abroad without exposing ourselves to ruinous disasters at home. Our present position, in truth, with regard to our colonies, is not entirely unlike that of the traditional Highlander who was placed by some accident in a sedan chair without a bottom. He found himself hustled along in a most uncomfortable attitude, at a pace which he could not regulate, through mud and filth, round awkward corners and over unaccommodating flints, and is reported to have observed, on arriving at his destination, that, but for the honour of the thing, he would rather have walked. The British Demus, too, entangled in a sedan chair of much the same kind, is inclined to walk; and unless there be some better reason for not doing so than the mere honour of being ostensibly carried, walk undoubtedly he will.

It may be said, indeed, that this is a mere outbreak of temper on our part—that we have been irritated with Canada, and cry out like spoilt children that, if she will not belong to us on our own terms, we will not have her at all. This we believe to be a misapprehension. As to the question immediately in dispute, if we look at it from a Canadian point of view, the position the colonists have taken up seems defensible enough. They say, "Our restless neighbours are spending their money, blowing up their credit, and exhausting their population, in a long and destructive war. When the sword drops out of their hands from sheer weariness, and they begin to count the cost of their late delirious enthusiasm, nothing is less likely than that, without having received any provocation, they should turn round upon an antagonist who is at once powerful and inoffensive, and heap calamity upon calamity by again rushing into causeless hostilities. Our money is too precious to be wasted in providing against dangers which exist only in your imaginations, and must remain for the present to fructify in our pockets." These arguments may not carry conviction to our minds. We may think that the stings of wounded vanity and baffled ambition will be keen enough to overpower all considerations of common honesty and common sense; but still, it would be uncandid to deny that they deserve a respectful examination, and, if the matter ended there, we might trust to time and fortune to do away with any momentary soreness which may have arisen. But the truth is, this difference with Canada has not caused—it has merely confirmed and intensified—a feeling which has long been at work in many minds. Political thinkers have not been wanting of late to impress upon us that new reasons are required for retaining our colonial empire, since most of the old ones ceased to exist as soon as free trade had established itself; and the indifference of Canada to our wishes and apprehensions doubles, as it were, the momentum of their arguments. We are startled to find that, by giving up all real authority over the colonies, without at the same time getting rid of our obligations towards them, we place ourselves in a great measure in their power. We may be dragged into a dispute through the indiscretion of a colony, on the one hand—we may have to waste millions of money and thousands of lives because she is apathetic and niggardly, on the other—thus continuing responsible for, and exposed to the consequences of, a behaviour which we have almost entirely ceased to influence. Of old we received, as we thought, a repayment for incurring these serious liabilities; but this repayment has lost its value in our eyes, and now we get—directly at least—little or nothing in return. The temper of the public mind is such that we are in some danger of pronouncing all such appendages useless, if not dangerous, and flinging them away altogether in a frenzy of unreasoning haste. But still, though it might, in many respects, be convenient to reduce our wide-spread and variously-peopled territories into a more compact and homogeneous dominion, no true Englishman could see his country abandoning her place among the nations, without a pang. We present ourselves to history as the people which reclaims the outlying wastes of the world. Are we called upon to apologize for taking up this position—to say that we find the function we have assumed costs us too much, and that we intend for the future to cultivate a humbler prosperity within narrower limits?

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Such a course would undoubtedly have its conveniences; but still, before we adopt it, it will be well to look at the matter from another point of view. The British people, as a justification for fixing themselves on every available spot of the globe, may say, without insincerity, that they look to prosper, not at the expense of others, but simply by taking their fair share of the increased and still increasing wealth of the world. If we desert our post, who is likely to occupy it? We should hardly be able to say much in favour of those who would be most likely to pick up the power and resources which we let drop. One strong reason, therefore, for keeping the colonies, if they will allow themselves to be kept, is that we thereby prevent them from falling into bad hands—hands bad for us, bad for peace, bad for civilization. This is a result which it would be wise to avert, even at a large seeming sacrifice. It need hardly be pointed out that to withdraw from our American colonies at present would expose them to the greedy ambition of the anarchists at Washington, to whom an easy conquest of those provinces, as the only method of pacifying their disappointed adherents when the South accomplishes its object, would prove an irresistible temptation. A difficult conquest, only to be achieved through a war with England, might possibly have no attractions even for profligate despair; but Canada unsupported would certainly be accused, unless we do Mr. Seward great injustice, of having muddied the top of the Niagara Fall from below. There is hardly an Englishman, we believe, who could look upon a Federal conquest of Canada without feeling that no heavier punishment could fall on an improvident people, and that few more mischievous accessions of power could threaten the present comfort and future prospects of the world. It may also be said—and reasonably said, we think—that it is impossible to appreciate beforehand the value, even the pecuniary value, of glory and power and extended empire, and of the temper and character which these create; and that we might, just when it was too late to retrace our steps, find it poor economy to have shrunk, from a realm over which the sun never sets, into a small European island. On the other hand, these considerations must not be pressed too far. Our colonies will do well to remember that everything may be bought too dear, and that while England is prepared to pay full value for her colonial empire, a price may be asked which she is unwilling or unable to give. It is for them to determine how long they require her protection, and what efforts they will make to retain it. The Mother-country, sooner or later, will insist upon a reasonable equivalent for what she bestows, and if that equivalent is not forthcoming, it will be better not to quarrel about it, but to part. As far as England herself is concerned, the practical difference seems to be, that whereas, under the old system, it was her interest to keep her dependencies as long as she could, it is now her interest to emancipate them at the earliest fitting opportunity—not certainly with indecent haste, still less without giving full weight to every consideration which public honour and national dignity may suggest, but yet as soon as they are really ripe for a separate political existence. It is her interest to do this—not that she may abandon that system of colonization which constitutes one of her chief titles to the gratitude of mankind, but rather that she may extend it. The abandonment of old colonies, when ripe for self-government, may facilitate the establishment of new ones, and we hope to see unabated activity in this respect. Only let us keep clear before our eyes, that in sowing the seeds of civilization wherever the soil is open to receive them, we seek but to multiply friendly and prosperous communities all over the world, not to feed an idle vanity by extending a nominal dominion.

#### A BOTTLE OF SMOKE.

THROUGHOUT the budding month of May, the flowering month of June, and well into sunny July, fifteen suffering Peers, presided over by Lord Derby, sat as a Parliamentary Committee on Noxious Vapours. The egg which they laid is a blue egg—that is, a Blue Book, speckled and dappled with diagrams, and, moreover, blottedched and mottled with some very offensive revelations. The Lords, if they produce many Parliamentary reports like this, earn their dignity. To engage in such an inquiry must have been almost as bad as that hard fate which attended the Lords and Commons a few years ago, when the Thames was in full odour. That sublime stench ended in passing the Metropolis Drainage Act; and if the fifteen Lords are repaid for their sufferings in this odorous inquiry by getting a really working measure against noxious vapours, they will have deserved well of their country. With devotion all but equal to that of Curtius, they have plunged head foremost into a very *Malebolge* of hideous smells, poisonous vapours, acrid exhalations, and noisome dens, which would deter all but philosophers or legislators. Even to peruse the Report makes one hold one's nose. It is a tragedy for hot weather; and the record of these reeking composts is likely to be as fatal to readers as the original subject seems to be to animal and vegetable life.

In these days of rehabilitation, as the process is called, even stenches have had their defenders. Adopting Mr. Alexander Pope's pleasant but shallow utilitarianism that whatever is, is right, a stink may be said to have great virtues in the macrocosm. It is of the nature of the snake's rattle. A foul smell is of the nature of a caution—it warns us off from danger. It is the signal kindly held out by putrefaction to scare off the unwary. The argument is good as far as it goes. It justifies the smell, but

it scarcely justifies the fact that so necessary a process as putrefaction should be accompanied by an ugly odour, and it does not satisfy us that putrefaction should be unhealthy. That a rattlesnake has got a rattle is a very pretty exemplification of the law of final causes, but it does not account for, still less justify, the snake's fangs. But whilst we are well content that a marsh should emit foul smells, because this is a substantial, though the first, stage towards draining it, we are not content that the alkali manufacturers and soda manufacturers and composers of Japan varnish, bone boilers, glue makers, and artists in rotten fish, putrid bowels, and decomposing manures should poison the air on the bold plea that such things must be, and therefore are right. The Lords' Report shows the invalidity of the common pretence that these things are unavoidable in the sacred interests of commerce and manufacture. Or rather, which is, perhaps, more to the purpose, it shows on reliable testimony, that there is no disgusting and noxious process which cannot be deprived of its sting. If science causes the evil, science is ready with the remedy, and cures the wounds which it inflicts.

The first step towards effectual repentance is open confession, and English legislation never deals with an evil until intolerable. In any other country, a *maire* would be armed with despotic authority to put down a public nuisance; but among ourselves the mutual incidence of private rights to injure one's neighbour, and public duties to compel the people to be righted, involve all sorts of delicate and ingenious problems. The Public Health Act, and the General Nuisances Act, and the functions of health officers, and Sanitary Commissioners and local vestries, and the magistrates, and the courts, are so nicely adjusted—the scale is so accurately balanced, and the action and reaction are so poised and weighted, and cog and wheel, and tooth and ratchet, and give and take, are so closely contrived to fit into and to neutralize each other—that we can do nothing when we are poisoned but, like the proverbial ass, stand still and be stung to death before we can settle (which among the experts is a moot point) whether to proceed at Common Law or under the special existing statutes against the Stench-Compeller. Perhaps the most valuable part of Lord Derby's Report is the review it gives of the existing state of the law. In London, at least, it is not required that any previous sanction should be given for the establishment of works of the most deleterious nature. The enterprising manufacturer of poisons chances it. He backs himself, his capital, and we had almost said his impudence, against the people, and the luck is in his favour. A man may, in his private capacity, sue for damages at common law; but then he must prove special and personal injury in body or estate. But here he is almost sure to be defeated. The gentlemen who blow a poisonous cloud are gregarious. It is hard to identify the source of any particular stench, and in the multitude of stenches there is safety, at least to those who cause them. Everybody fathers a foul perfume on his manufacturing neighbour; and it is hard to distinguish stench among stenches, or to trace the damage to any utterer of foul air in particular, or to apportion it among several defilers of the breath of Nature. But there remains the indictment, where the injury is general and public. But a public damage is hard to prove. A nuisance must be permanent, must be general, must affect not the fastidious and the queasy, but the general comfort. *In generalibus latet* we all know what. Two men may by great good luck be got together to swear that they smelt a queer smell on Friday; but if a hundred can be brought to swear that they smelt nothing on Saturday, their testimony to the negative, though it is logically, and as a matter of common sense, absolutely worthless, generally prevails. Then there can always be found some exceptional man like Mr. Chadwick, who for the public good prefers to inhale the balmy and subeem odours of a common sewer, or like the Common Councilman who used to get up a family appetite for breakfast by taking his children to inhale the spicy fragrance of the gullyholes in Smithfield. And the testimony of such an expert always gains, as it deserves, immense respect in Westminster Hall. Besides which, everybody knows that very choice perfumes are extracted from old bones and rotten leather, and so it has been seriously argued that the end justifies, and therefore sweetens, the means. Besides which, when, in the rarest of cases, a verdict of "Guilty" is obtained, the defendant is only liable to be called up for judgment, and the day of judgment is very slow in this case, as in other cases, to come. The accusing angel's bill is severely taxed, and the costs allowed are very nominal as compared with costs incurred. Public prosecutor there is none, and the fate of the public-spirited promoter of justice and health is not likely to afford an encouraging example.

This is the state of the common law as regards nuisances; but it is not to be supposed that no crutches have been invented to help the tardy client in the pursuit of reluctant justice. What with the Town Improvement Clauses Act, and the Public Health Act, once and again improved with an excess of light or darkness, and the Nuisances Removal Act, and its various amendments, together with the Smoke Prevention Act, and the Metropolis Local Management Act, it is enough to say that they fairly neutralize each other, and reduce the public sufferer to a dead lock, in every sense of the word. Some of these Acts are local, some of permissive application if adopted only; some belong to the town, some to the country; and they all agree in delegating the functions of interference to what is called "local authority." Now, "local authority" means sometimes the author of the nuisance, sometimes his fellow nuisance-mongers, always one's neighbours, occasionally some poor and perhaps veal-

official, and in practice nobody. And then, as though to shackle even the halting step of local justice, permission to poison the air in the night is usually given. Every definition is of the widest and impalpable character; no two authorities have ever yet decided what "a populous district" means; the process which was meant to be summary is usually avoided by promises of amendment which are never redeemed; and a wealthy manufacturer can always carry a case from the magistrates, slow themselves to convict, to a superior court, where poor "local authority" seldom has heart or purse to follow. And then a host of fuliginous controversies exist as to what is smoke and what is vapour; and a rare and nice distinction is urged, and with legal success, as to the punishable nastiness of vapours raised by combustibles, and in furnaces used for manufacture, and of vapours raised in the manufacturing processes themselves. The Lords' Committee, therefore, lay great stress, first, on the consolidation, and next on the amendment of the existing law, as well as on what certainly seems to be a gross absurdity—viz. the fact, that when a nuisance is situated at the extreme boundary of "a district," the adjoining territory has no remedy, though it may be the greatest sufferer, when the local authority in which the nuisance is caused declines to move. The summary of the recommendations of Lord Derby's Committee is this—that the Smoke Prevention Act should be made of general application; that gases and vapours emitted in manufacturing processes should be dealt with as furnace smoke; that sanitary inspectors should have free access, at all times, to all works; and that the power of appeal from the inferior magistrates, and against immediate remedy, should be curtailed. Further, the Committee suggests that the Legislature should abstain from prescribing preventive processes, contenting itself with imposing penalties, and giving facilities and encouragement to complainants, believing, with substantial testimony, that all vapours of a noxious character are capable of combustion or condensation.

It must not be concluded that this is a matter of local incidence, and that the pestiferous neighbourhoods of St. Helen's, with its alkali works, and Belle Isle, near Camden Town, with its choice collection of collectors of decayed mud and putrid fish, its three tallow meltters, two soap boilers, two manure manufacturers, two japan makers, its many herds of swine, its nine varnish makers, its innumerable stuff meltters, and its lucifer match makers, comprise all the districts given up to poisons and fetid odours. Nor can we surrender ourselves to the happy delusion that, because we live a mile or two away from these centres of corruption, we are safe. These pungent odours are long-lived, and given to erratic habits. Whole miles of country are infected with these subtle and delicate creatures of the air. The poet's scene of desolation is realized. Not only,

Our flocks feed not,  
Our ewes breed not,  
  
Clear wells spring not,  
Sweet birds sing not,  
Green plants bring not  
Forth; they die,

but where all these noxious vapours abound, the town, as well as country, is infected, and the cycle of disease and death is complete. Poisoned air produces poisoned grass; poisoned sheep succeed poisoned herbage; and poisoned man fattens upon poisoned mutton.

#### MORAL AND RELIGIOUS TRACTS.

ANY ONE who may choose to accept the numerous tracts offered in the course of a walk through either of the parks on a Sunday evening will find that he has made a collection strikingly illustrative of the characteristics and value of what may be called moral literature. There are few subjects upon which these little treatises do not touch, and there is scarcely any ethical or theological difficulty which they do not profess to remove. The park preacher usually has, or believes that he has, the excellent gift of making the most abstruse point clear to the weakest understanding; but, even should he fail, the tracts with which he is armed are deemed certain instruments of carrying home conviction to the rebellious. And if all that is necessary to clear up an obscurity is to make light of it, these tracts are unquestionably likely to prove of real service. Human suffering, doubts, fears, mistrust—all matters, in short, relating to the present, and most matters relating to a future state—are treated with an easy and familiar gaiety calculated to make the unbeliever ashamed of himself for having been perplexed with trifles. There are, no doubt, many persons who honestly believe that they are doing good in distributing these mild essays and stories, and, where they bring intelligence and discrimination to their disinterested labours, it is very probable that they are sometimes right in that belief. But the character of the tracts handed to one in the streets proves, as a rule, that the persons who give them away buy them without much knowledge of their contents. They seldom take the trouble to inquire whether the seed they scatter is worth anything. They buy it, as they do other seeds in Covent Garden Market, at so much a packet; and they trust to the judgment of the dealer that the proper article is supplied. It is not to be wondered at that they are thus led into sowing what cannot possibly spring up in any soil. The tract writers seem to be under the impression that the rest of their species are the deepest of sinners, and they consequently address them in terms of the severest reproof, and often of actual vituperation and abuse.

They are also very partial to drawing their bow at a venture, in the hope that the shaft will hit the right man, as in a tract before us, which has for its title, "*I saw you Drunk.*" "As a friend," says the polite and candid writer, "I put this paper into your hands to warn you against ever getting into the same condition again." Upon the drunkard the puerility of this tract could have no effect, while the majority who receive it will but smile at the ardour of the Temperance apostles. Similar devices to arrest attention are freely employed, and not always in so excusable a manner. There is a tract headed, "*How long have you to live?*" "a plain question," as the writer truly says, and put, it must be added, with much flippancy and trifling. Why it should be supposed that any illiterate person is competent to write a tract or deliver a moral lecture cannot well be explained; but it is clear that any amount of bigotry, false reasoning, egotism, and folly is held excusable in a tract, provided that it dogmatizes with sufficient force, and is plentifully interlarded with pious slang. There is a language peculiar to tracts. It is singular to observe how, year after year, fresh writers take up the cast-off garments of their predecessors, and think them good enough for every purpose. Sometimes Scriptural quotations are used, but used without method or appropriateness. It is not every one that can slay a giant with a smooth pebble from a brook. There are evidently two things assumed by the author of these papers: (1) That their "experience" is much more varied than that of their readers, and (2) that it is impossible for any one to differ with them on conscientious grounds. It is surely needless to point out that only an overwhelming arrogance could have led them to either of these conclusions. In nearly all the Temperance tracts that we have read, it is presumed throughout that the reader admits the mischief caused to his own constitution by even moderate drinking, and that yet he refuses to become a "total abstainer." It seems never to have occurred to the writer that the whole of his premises may be unsound, and are certainly disputed. Like the female logician, he cannot understand that people ever refuse to adopt his views except from ignorance or prejudice.

It will be admitted that this is not the spirit in which to set about the work of teaching others; but there is another class of tracts—and that the most popular class—which must necessarily be still more futile in their tendency. The lesson is here conveyed in the form of a narrative or conversation. In the former case, the characters are so obviously unreal that even a child would not be taken in by the fiction. In the latter, two persons meet, they hold a discussion, and in a very short space of time the good man prevails over the bad man, and in the language of the writer, "a conversion" immediately takes place. In the story of *The Hackney Coachman and the Traveller*, it is difficult to see what is the moral aimed at, except that it is a good thing to distribute tracts. A man rides home in a coach, and the driver demands twice as much as his legal fare. The traveller leaves a tract in the coach, and some time afterwards he is driven home by the same man, to whom he offers refreshment. The reply of the driver is, "If you please, Sir, I will trouble your servant for a glass of beer"—a request which the writer justly says was very "moderate from the lips of a hackney coachman." The man had, in fact, entirely given over his wicked courses; he was satisfied with his proper fare, he refrained from swearing, and "actively assisted in carrying the luggage to the house." It turned out that the tract had brought all this about. One cannot but regret that the traveller did not continue his career of usefulness. There is still a very wide field for him in London alone—all cabmen are not yet changed characters. There are some who would make unsavoury remarks to any one who proffered them a tract. But if the traveller has really been distributing tracts ever since, there ought, if his theory be worth anything, to be a tolerable sprinkling of upright drivers about by this time. Where are they? Where even is the one fig that flourished upon the thistle?

This endeavour to teach by example would probably be more successful if the example itself was made to accord more with the ordinary course of life, or with what we know of human nature. The mirror held up to nature must be a mirror, and not a piece of common glass that any one can see through. People generally are not so credulous, or so easily convinced, as the Tract Society suppose. We should like to know, for instance, in what way that body imagine their tract called *Happy Jack* can be of use. The peculiarity of this man is represented to have been that he was always happy, and undoubtedly if this were true, his memory deserved to be perpetuated. "If you met him on a cold day it helped to warm and cheer you; or on a warm day it helped to refresh you." He never complained of the weather—"it was what his Heavenly Father had sent, and that was enough for Jack." His first question to those whom he met was, "Have you made a start for Heaven?" One woman owned that she had been converted merely by seeing his "consistent walk." So the story goes on, and the moral of it is, that if this poor man could be happy, everybody else ought to be happy too. The first objection is that every one ought at least to be as favourably situated as this happy man. Now, upon investigation, we find that he had sufficient for his wants, that he had work, and was "full of life, health, spirits, and energy." Many a reader of this tract must have stopped short here, and perceived that there could be no analogy between his case and that of the hero. Poverty and sickness are not to be relieved by pictures of comfort, health, and content. A man might tell the half-starving operatives of the North about Happy Jacks from morning till night without making their hard lot appear lighter and easier to bear. The most probable effect

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of such a narrative on their minds would be to create a strong prejudice against tracts and sermonizing of all kinds. Still more likely to produce these consequences are the repulsive descriptions of death-bed scenes of which nine-tenths of the tracts consist. Even if the instances delineated actually occurred—which no one believes—it is a very shameful breach of confidence to make them public. If the names and the incidents are fictitious, the writer has been guilty of a still graver offence. He has dealt with a terrible subject in a spirit of falsehood which the end he may seek cannot and will not excuse. Do these tract writers ever consider that they incur responsibilities as well as tract readers? Do they ever reflect that their shallow artifices to terrify people into a "consistent walk" may awaken a scornful spirit where the desire to learn existed before? Some of the most widely-circulated tracts are eminently calculated to bring religion into derision and contempt. The worst enemies of a good cause are those who are incompetent and unworthy to serve it, and who do not even acknowledge that lying is an improper weapon to employ in the struggle.

The greater portion of these tracts are really very melancholy reading, for they show the tendency of the lowest form of intellect to drag down the sublimest themes to its own miserable level. A few that we have read must be excepted, and one especially, entitled, *Would you have Peace?* is deserving of all praise. But this does not belong to the Tract Society, and seems to have been long out of print. Too many of the others, as we have seen, are based upon the supposition that men can be cajoled, abused, or terrified into a "change of life," or else that a silly story will prevail upon them to read their Bibles and go to church regularly. Most ministers, we take it, would be glad to find their work made thus easy. But the worst fault of such tracts is the morbid feeling which runs through them. They teach the young especially to beware of their companions, to distrust everyone, including themselves, and to disbelieve in everything which promises to give them the least happiness. These are sad words with which to send a youth forth on the journey of life. They are lessons that few parents could wish to instil into their children. Experience may possibly bring home the truth of some of them in after years; but why seek to strip away prematurely every illusion? Why poison the stream at its source? It is sometimes better to go on deceived than to bear the pain of being undeceived. No one who knows the world would wish the young to be too well acquainted with it at first—least of all, with its worst side. And it is this side which the majority of tract writers alone submit to consideration. The "reformed" drunkards who declaim semi-profanity in the parks believe that all men are as vicious as they have been, and in like manner tract writers seem to be so well versed in an evil life that they can with difficulty conceive of any other. Of all forms of hypocrisy, the worst form is that by which, as Addison says, "a man does not only deceive the world, but very often imposes upon himself." In not a few tracts there is conspicuous the special unctuousness which must have had this hypocrisy for its origin. If the writers who are sincere will only consider that a frivolous manner or a preposterous anecdote will not induce people to read a tract, and that it is their duty to bring common sense to their task or leave it alone altogether, there would be some reason to expect a better issue to their labour than that which now attends it.

## A HOUSE ON FIRE.

**T**HIS late disastrous fire in Cumberland Street was at first represented as an instance of want of preparation or of energy on the part of the managers of fire engines. The inquest, which was held last week, has satisfactorily proved that the conduct of the firemen and police, far from deserving any sort of censure, was marked in a high degree by vigour, readiness, and judgment. If this be so, the calamitous issue of the fire cannot but make a deeper impression on the minds of Londoners than if it were possible to suppose that it might be attributed to negligence or backwardness. On a summer night, among modern and well-constructed buildings, and with engines and fire-escapes close at hand, a fire broke out in a house where the master was nervously minute in his precautions against such accidents. The fire was suppressed with a skill and promptitude worthy of the high civilization of the metropolis, but the demon was not appeased without a sacrifice. The master of the house and two of his children perished in the midst of aid and sympathy.

If it is our affair when our neighbour's house is burning, it is the affair of everybody to consider well the circumstances of a calamity which happens to some one else to-day, but may happen to oneself to-morrow. Mr. Barrett was very careful and very much afraid of fire, and has perished by the fury of the enemy he so much dreaded. Within a few minutes after the discovery of the fire, two escapes were on the ground, and they were used quickly and courageously, but three victims had perished in suffocating clouds of smoke. It seems, however, that the death of Mr. Barrett and one of his daughters was occasioned by a confusion in the father's mind which might easily neutralize all that could be done, either by foresight or courage, to avert disaster. This unfortunate gentleman appears to have been too nervously apprehensive of having his house on fire to be capable of meeting the danger calmly when it did occur. Hearing an alarm of fire, he took promptly a precaution which would have been highly useful if a party of ticket-of-leave men had been preparing to enter his premises for a felonious purpose. Having opened his street-door in

answer to a policeman's knock, and having been told what was the matter, he instantly closed the door, locked and bolted it. To close the door was proper in order to prevent air getting to the fire, but the fastenings proved an obstacle which hindered Mr. Barrett, in his agitation, from opening it for the egress of himself and daughter, when he had brought her, with danger and difficulty, from above, and only the door obstructed his placing her in safety in the street. A similar error to this was committed a few years ago by an elderly gentleman who lived alone in chambers, but fortunately without any disastrous result. The elderly gentleman was aroused, on a bitterly cold winter night, by an alarm of fire in the next house. He jumped out of bed, put on his slippers and nothing else, and rushed out of his chambers upon the landing. Arrived there, he, without thinking what he was doing, closed his door; and as it had a spring lock, he thus debarred himself from shelter against the biting air. His chambers remained untouched by fire, and he was conducted, wrapped in blankets, to the chambers of a friend, who entertained him until a key could be procured. A policeman, who gave evidence before the coroner, described Mr. Barrett as behaving very much in the same way, except that he placed himself more decidedly on the wrong side of the door. "After he rang the bell, a gentleman came to the door in a very excited state. Witness said, 'Your house is on fire, sir!' He exclaimed, 'Oh, my family!' and immediately shut the door. Witness then made a rush at the door, to see whether it was fast. He heard the person inside turn the key in the door. Witness kicked the door, but could not open it." After a few minutes, the door was forced by the pole of a fire-engine, used as a sort of battering-ram, and then Mr. Barrett was found dead, and his daughter dying, just inside. It is obvious that, where presence of mind and self-possession are wanting, all material safeguards against deadly peril may be found unavailing. Houses may be built in the best way, and of the least combustible materials; there may be flats at the back, affording every means of exit; a tall fire-escape may rear its shadowy form towards the sky, in the immediate neighbourhood; engines, worked by horses or by steam, may be swift and powerful, water may be plenteous, and firemen alert, well disciplined, and courageous—and yet the inmates of a house may die as helplessly as if there had been no aid within a hundred miles of them. This calamity furnishes a memorable proof how little the most complete machinery and arrangements can supply, in time of danger, the place of composure and self-possession. If Mr. Barrett could have taken the fire calmly, he would have been now alive, and he would have saved the child who perished with him. Such a moment as that in which he closed and locked his door is as near an approach as peace affords to the perilous contingencies of war. Mr. Barrett was like a prudent and rather nervous general, who would anticipate, and as far as possible provide against, all eventualities, but in the crisis of battle might be found deficient in that presence of mind which often makes all the difference between victory and defeat.

On this melancholy occasion, two fire-escapes in front and a ladder behind were employed in saving life, and there were besides leads accessible from the back windows, and a trap-door leading on to the roof; and, if Mr. Barrett had not rendered it useless, there would have been the street-door also. With all these means of escape, and with ready and hearty aid, three lives were lost. The nurse who had charge of two of the children seems to have failed in saving one of them by a mistake exactly the converse of her master's. She slept on the third floor of the house. "She awoke with a sense of suffocation, and opened the door leading to the staircase." It is not stated that she closed this door again. She did not omit to call out "fire!" according to the usage of her sex under such circumstances, and she caught up the child nearest to her, and got out on the leads. This child happened to be a boy. The child left behind was a girl. It might be a curious speculation, supposing the children had been equally near to her, to which she would have given the preference. One cannot help suspecting, that if the boy had been an only son, the girl might have been postponed to him. But the choice which gave to the one child life, and to the other death, appears to have been purely accidental. The nurse and others of the servants tried to get into the room to save the poor little girl, but found it impossible to do so, on account of the smoke. It seems probable that the reason why the smoke became so rapidly unendurable was, that the nurse had left open the door leading to the staircase. One does not expect from a female servant the same amount of activity and presence of mind that might be looked for in the master of the house. Still, a very little judicious exertion would have sufficed to place both these children upon the leads, and assistance might thus have been obtained to carry them where they would have been completely safe. The question of life or death was decided in a very brief space. There was an alarm, an outcry, and a rush towards the various means of safety. Then the family counts its members, and finds that it has lost three of them. Perhaps if this family had lived in a meaner house, and if fire-escapes and engines had not been so close at hand, and if at the same time the character of the family's head had been different, the result might not have been more, and it even might have been less disastrous. The kind of man wanted on such occasions may be seen in the example of a mason, who has been this week reported to have lowered himself into a well to save a little girl who had fallen into it when no other help was near. That exploit, it is true, required an unusual degree of physical strength and activity even to attempt it, and the readiness to use these qualities commonly accompanies the

consciousness of possessing them. On the whole, it will be well to look carefully to the gas, and go round the house after the servants are gone to bed, and we should wish the fire-escapes and engines to be near at hand, and in the best order; but still, when it comes to the point, the alternative of life or death will often be found to depend upon our own bodily and mental vigour.

It seems to be ascertained that Mr. Barrett's house was only partially destroyed, and that the conflagration was arrested in a particularly artistic manner. As the firemen themselves express it, this was "a splendid stop." Engines came quickly, water was abundant, the men were ably directed, and they worked admirably. The occasion was scarcely an appropriate one for insisting upon the undoubted inferiority of the present combination of horses to move and men to work engines as compared with steam power which should do both. It happened that the horses and men did their work particularly well. Nevertheless, it appears to be indisputable that, by the use of steam both for locomotive and pumping purposes, the power of engines over fire might be enormously increased. If this innovation be clearly ascertained to be advantageous, we hope that it will not be resisted with the same tenacity which opposed earlier applications of steam to the benefit of mankind.

#### COUSINS.

**T**HREE is a school of domestic fanatics resembling that school of theologians which exacts from its professors a blind unreasoning assent to the dogmas of religion. Like the Papist who considers the exercise of private judgment on a doctrinal point an impiety, there are household bigots who seek to withdraw the relations of consanguinity from the domain of scrutiny, and claim a passive obedience to the divine right of kin. Certain young ladies and gentlemen, they say, are your cousins by divine appointment. It is your duty, therefore, to think them charming, and to enjoy their company more than that of any other young man or woman with whom you may be thrown. You must not allow yourself to ask whether their tastes accord with yours. The eldest may be a perfect Nimrod, while the bent of your own genius leads you to pore over manuscripts in the British Museum. Another is the best waltzer of his day, while a ball is, in your eyes, the greatest of social evils. A third is a fast young lady, full of chaff, while you are decidedly sentimental. All this matters nothing. You are privileged to have access to those three young persons. You should be duly sensible of these among your other blessings. Blood overrides all incompatibilities of taste or disposition. Reflect that in those two fine young men you see your father's sister's sons.

Half England, and all Scotland, groans under bondage to these ideas. Not to love your cousins is to be devoid of natural affection—to show a cold, callous, and bad heart. This is really a piece of cant against which we protest. Upon what is the supposed duty founded? There is nothing about it in the Bible, or the Ten Commandments. It would be very difficult to prove from either of these sources any special obligation to love your brother by blood, much more your cousin. Of course, under the comprehensive head of your duty to your neighbour, both have claims on your regard. You are bound to do to your cousin as you would he should do to you; and if, therefore, as is possible, you feel bored by his company, you are bound, by the Catechism, to rid him of yours. Practically, we display in this, as in other social questions, the curious inconsistency of the Anglo-Saxon race. Our practice does not accord with our theory. We put a song in praise of the family tree in the mouth of our maiden aunts. We retain the decorous fiction of the claims of blood, but we act as emancipated men. It is one of those fictions which we live down, as we do the bugbears of childhood. There are few, probably, who cannot recall a time when they firmly believed the descriptions given by their nurse of inanimate nature, as one universal "lay-hold to catch meddlers." The march of mind dissipated this childish superstition. It gradually dawned upon the infant intelligence that no table or chair could inflict a slap on the face, or a pinch in some tender part of the body. By degrees one lost all fear of those instruments of torture which were supposed to lurk in nurse's work-basket; and the first use one made of this discovery was to blunt her scissors on the neck of Shem, or some other equally unoffending occupant of Noah's Ark. So is it with illusions of another kind, and with that respectable one, in particular, which invests a cousin with an almost sacrosanct character. It collapses at a comparatively early period of life. It rarely survives the crucial experience of a contemporaneous career at a public school. At Eton you sit side by side in the Upper Remove with the aforesaid cousin. Supposing your tastes to suit, you become fast friends. But if not, what a thorn in the flesh does your relative prove, by reason of his dominating the whole of your private and pre-scholastic existence! If he means mischief, he can raise the curtain which shrouds your home from vulgar gaze. He can enlighten your common associates on the names of your sisters, and the terms of endearment by which you are yourself known in the bosom of your family. He is aware that at the early age of seven you made an animated appeal on behalf of the Missions to the Fiji Islands from the table of the Evangelical Lyceum, and that a little later you apostrophized a defunct tom-ent in a few fugitive lines. Horrid secrets, that you had fondly imagined buried for ever in oblivion, turn up to poison your happiness. A rumour spreads that you have but lately escaped from the

thrall of a maid who enjoyed the prescriptive right of scrubbing your person with soap and water every alternate Saturday evening. The tears you shed on returning to school, the touching farewell it is your habit to take of the pony Grizzell and the dog Ponto, the rowing you got from "the Governor" for obtaining on something like false pretences three shillings in one half, the bilious attack you brought on by eating fifty walnuts in one afternoon, your discreet behaviour and exact disposition of the bed-clothes on the memorable night when the Manor House was supposed to be attacked by burglars—all these and a thousand other racy items of "domestic intelligence" you have to thank your cousin for remorselessly parading before your jeering school-mates. The result is, that you learn early in life to associate the name of cousin with a power to wound you in your tenderest part, and to hold up to ridicule all that is in your boyish eyes most sacred.

Cousins, however, are far from being, as a general rule, natural enemies. We are only pointing out that this relationship is compatible with a thoroughly genuine mutual dislike, springing either from acts of unkindness or oppression, or, in default of these, a total lack of sympathy. But though the consciousness of a common stock cannot of itself generate affection, as some fondly assert that it necessarily must, cousins are a useful and beneficial institution which it would be absurd to dispense with. The Briton, least of all mankind, could afford to dispense with cousins. He rarely suffers from that affection known on the other side of the Channel as *épanchement de cœur*. His instinct is to be isolated, morose, exclusive—to adopt an attitude of armed neutrality to the rest of the human race—to reverse the old dictum and think every thing human alien to himself—in the language of the servants' hall, "to keep himself to himself." A thing he never does is to open his heart, as our lively neighbours will, to a stranger. He cannot deliver himself of the most trifling confidences to any but a friend of seven years' standing. The monotony of this self-imposed isolation is pleasantly broken by cousins. They serve the double purpose of giving him a point of contact with the world outside his own family circle, and of gratifying the mania he has to know all about any one with whom he is intimate. He may safely unbend to his cousins, for they cannot possibly have any design upon his purse. Though their conversation is not particularly brilliant, and their company is even dull, he is at ease with them, and in a mild way likes being with them, because he knows their pedigree. Here he has, if nothing more, at all events two persons whose parentage he knows to be respectable, and whom he has no reason to suspect of a design of imposing on him or turning him into ridicule. Being satisfied on those two points, he gives himself up to a modified enjoyment of their society. There is, then, in England what we may call a national necessity for cousins. The national temperament requires a vent for its pent-up feelings, and upon cousins they naturally expend themselves. We are so much addicted to secreting the real kindness of our nature, that consanguinity would seem to be a merciful provision to draw us out of ourselves, and prevent our wasting all our sweetness on the desert air. Many a man, who would never otherwise make a friend, makes a friend of a cousin. He is too shy or too proud or too reserved to go through the processes by which a friendship is gradually cemented with a stranger, and eagerly catches at a cousin as a make-shift for a friend, if not exactly a friend ready-made. There are other advantages in the possession of cousins which, in a worldly point of view, are not to be despised. They may have houses for you to stay at, lands for you to shoot over, wine for you to sip. You visit them in the autumn, when London is empty, your heart brimming over with the purest cousinly affection. About the 12th of August, the voice of nature reminds you of the cousin who owns a pretty moor in the Highlands. In September, the current of your being sets towards your Norfolk relatives. In November, your heart yearns towards your cousin in Melton. In May, you are inwardly drawn towards your fashionable cousin in London with a fervour which that fashionable cousin does not at all reciprocate. This is all as it should be. Give full play to these fine and generous impulses; the more you utilize your cousins, the more you enable them to fulfil the purpose for which they are your cousins. They must not be allowed to take into their heads the mischievous notion that they have been dotted round your path to be merely so many dummies or men of straw. Upon the whole, the way in which they accept the responsibilities of collateral ties is very creditable to Englishmen. Unprompted by any mutual affection, one man will solicit a favour for another simply out of regard for a common ancestor. The fact is, that it is his own interest to give a cousin a lift. Hence another cousinly function—to use influence for the advancement of the family fortunes. Your chances of promotion bear a direct ratio to the number of your cousins. Each is a possible advocate of your interests, a possible petitioner on your behalf. A cousin at the Admiralty means a ship for you in the Mediterranean; a cousin in Parliament means access for you to the Minister; a cousin in the City means a good investment for your capital; a cousin in a Cathedral Chapter means your presentation to the next vacant stall. But to secure these, or any part of these results, you must be keenly alive to the advantages of your position—you must study the family tree in all its ramifications, and leave no runlet of collateral blood untapped.

These are some of the advantages of having had a prolific grandmother. But there are also concomitant disadvantages. The man with many cousins, like the man with wife and children, "gives

hostages to fortune ; " for he may find them so many dead weights round his neck. There are few persons who have not cousins of whom they are ashamed. There is the sporting youth whom nature intended for a groom, but dubbed by a horrid after-thought, your cousin. There is the cousin who will patronize the village tailor, and who slaps you on the back just as you dangle your cane over the rails in Rotten Row, when the season is at its height. There is the cousin in the Queen's Bench Prison, whom you supply, much to your credit, with his Sunday dinner. There is your cousin who hides in Spain, your notorious cousin at the diggings, your cousin the governess, and your cousin the idiot. All these are, undoubtedly, social drawbacks. No one will be the more keen to marry you on account of a gibbering collateral. As the asylum of your hunted relative, you may look on the Peninsula with peculiar interest ; but the circumstance will not predispose others to make your acquaintance. Fastidious natures will never do justice to the goodness of your cousin's heart while it throbs beneath that flagrantly bucolic garb. But, apart from these serious inconveniences which sometimes attend kinship, there is another, much more generally experienced — cousins are personally dull or disagreeable. The position you occupy towards such persons is essentially false. You are, as it were, pitchforked into a distasteful intimacy. You are supposed by a fiction to feel affection, when in your heart you feel ineffectually bored. You call each other by your Christian names — and have nothing more to say. In vain you ransack your brains for a common topic or a common interest. None come for the plain reason that there is none to come. A *tête-à-tête* with an uncongenial companion is always an infliction ; but the awkwardness of the situation is immensely increased by a dim notion that you ought all the time to be enjoying it.

This brings us back to the point at which we started — namely, the folly of parents and maiden aunts in trying to erect the love of cousins into an important article of a child's creed. It is just this pious attempt to force the inclinations which so often makes the future relations between cousins uneasy and uncomfortable. Children should be left alone to judge of the virtues or demerits of their cousins, and to bestow or withhold their affection accordingly with perfect freedom. If this wise policy of non-intervention be observed towards them, they will probably find within the pale of kin those whom they can love and esteem, and those with whom they remain on a footing of healthy indifference. Let believers in blood say what they will, this is the nearest approach to an Agapemone of which the average English family is capable. But though the duty of loving the whole collateral tribe is a mere sham, and no duty at all, there is much to urge, and not from a sordid point of view only, in favour of cousinly affection. Of all the friendships, in the common sense of the word, the most enviable is the friendship of a cousin. More than any other it possesses the seeds of durability. It dates back from the days of happy childhood. It is consecrated by the memories of common raids upon the apple-trees, common peg-tops, common taws. It suffers much less from the separations which kill so many early friendships. If Pylades goes to Cambridge and Orestes to Oxford, the tie between them is, in ordinary cases, broken. But not so, if they meet in the vacation, if they spend their Christmas together — if they continue to hear about each other — in a word, if their sisters correspond. To middle age it is a support and a source of the purest rational enjoyment; while to old age, which loves to travel back into the past, and pore over the family fortunes, it is almost a necessity.

#### NORMA AT PLAYHOUSE PRICES.

THE manager of Her Majesty's Theatre deserves the thanks of many a Londoner and his country cousins. If half guinea motions are heaven-sent manna to cheer a briefless barrister through the term, Mr. Mapleson's admission to his opera at playhouse prices is a grateful concession to foreigners as well as home-bred visitors to the Exhibition. This commendable step is an index, it is to be hoped, of a prosperous state of the manager's exchequer, and an earnest of good things for seasons to come. If, at the outset of his campaign, the manager promised a great deal which he did not perform, at the close of it he has performed a great deal which he never promised. Signor Schirò has been rather hardly used. Had his music proved in any way worthy of being wedged to one of the most beautiful stories of this or any other age — the *Niccolò de' Lapi*, by the Marquis d'Azeglio — every Italian would have hailed the production of such a work as a compliment to himself as well as the composer. Day after day was the promise renewed. That the Marquis could paint a picture was undeniable, for the fact was patent in the Foreign Art Gallery at the Exhibition, and people gave ample credit to the Minister for versatility in studio as well as study. Signor Giuglini will not take it ill if it be affirmed that the anticipated joint production of M. d'Azeglio and Signor Schirò was an affair of far deeper interest than the utterances of the *voce misteriosa*, and the *sogno del popolo*, in the ode which now acts as a supplement to the closing performances at Her Majesty's Theatre. *Niccolò de' Lapi*, with its stirring scenes of Florentine history, familiar as household words to Italian readers, has been a mockery and a snare to believers in the good faith of managers. Alas! the faith of that order has always been, and ever will be, Panic. Usually, the glittering falsehood obtains currency once and once only, and that in the elaborate prospectus at the beginning of the season. True it is that a saving clause — "if time will permit" — is occasionally added by way of breakwater to the waves of popular wrath when the promise is

unfulfilled, but what man is so infatuated as to believe that the "time" alluded to is any but the Greek Kalends? Where are the *Euryanthes*, the *Der Freischütze*, the *Vestals*, which blossom annually in the flowery prospectuses, but never come to fruit or maturity? What "time" will ever "permit" their appearance? It is very hard that a man must go to Berlin and Dresden to feel and see what he can only read of in England. So large an amount of froth is compounded for by buyers at an auction and subscribers to an opera-house, that Mr. Mapleson may complain of our having selected him as a victim for special stricture. Does he differ in this respect from preceding managers? Perhaps not. We smart, however, from the fresh memory of the every-day announcement that the *Schiava d'Azeglio* opera was ready for production. The mountains were perpetually parturient, but nothing was produced. At last the notice was withdrawn.

The manager has, however, made up for this shortcoming by his liberality towards the close of the season. The waiver of the restrictions on dress is, during this summer season, a real boon; and it is a satisfaction, while *Habitués* are off to the moors, for the less privileged classes to occupy, at a reasonable price, the patrician boxes and stalls. People in walking costume are just as competent to criticize Mdlle. Titiens as the exquisites who lounge in Fop's Alley; and, if that artiste values appreciation conveyed from other quarters besides May Fair, she may be sure of an audience as intelligent as well as demonstrative. As a real artist, she probably does set store by these latter-day cheap audiences. Charles Yonge, the late actor, preferred acting to Manchester cotton-spinners in their own city rather than in London; Mrs. Siddons played three years consecutively at Edinburgh in preference to the metropolis; and Mdlle. Titiens probably has the good sense to share these artistic views. The increasing popularity of *Norma* evidences the ardour of Mdlle. Titiens, not to efface the memory of the type of all Normas for all time to come, but in the course of years to challenge comparison in the two portraits criticized from different points of view. The combination of physical and artistic qualities gave Madame Grisi that perfection in this peculiar character unattainable by other artists. She stamped Bellini's heroine with an individuality which Jenny Lind disdained to copy, and was taken to task by the critics for attempting to disregard. People could not understand a gentle womanly reading of the character. It was an inversion of the eternal fitness of operatic things, and the Covent Garden faction chronicled with energy the failure at the Haymarket. Pollio must be scorched, withered with scorn, not entreated with or cajoled by a voice more in sorrow than in anger. No matter that the "Casta Diva" was warbled divinely — the character savoured too much of the Juliet, too little of the Lady Macbeth or Schiller's Mary Stuart, with a wholesome dash of the virago. The Norma was not the Norma to which we were accustomed, and the Swede's singing was not capable of disenchanted us of our conservatism. Mdlle. Lind made a false step for once in her triumphant course, and the best judges agreed that the original Norma remained, as ever, unapproachable. Even in these degenerate days, there may be in Italy actresses capable of reviving the *Pasta* traditions. It is about as probable as the existence of village Hampdens. We were told a few years ago that Parodi was steeped in the spirit of that artist whose Medea was as terrible as her Norma was majestic. When the pupil arrived and sang, Norma the second must have felt that with herself and Madame Pasta the Druid dynasty would end. Two other singers tried to dispute possession of the throne — the splendid antecedents of both warranting an effort which, for any artist not possessing first-rate powers, would have been rash indeed. But great as Jenny Lind and Cravelli were, the foundations of their glory were not laid in the sacred forest of the Druids, and until Mdlle. Titiens appeared on the scene, there was none to whom the high Priestess could delegate her splendid functions. The success of Mdlle. Titiens is abundantly enhanced in value by the consideration that it has been won in Italian music, which for a long series of years was identified as the special property of an Italian artiste. None can wonder that Mdlle. Titiens, so splendidly endowed by nature, should captivate her audience in such parts as Valentine and Donna Anna. The French and German styles and peculiarities are far more acceptable to robust voices than the smooth melodies of Bellini and Donizetti. The Prima Donna at Her Majesty's Theatre gives us a perfectly genuine version of an intensely Italian part. If less brilliant than her predecessors in certain fragmentary portions of the opera, she is equally (it were treason to say more) conscientious in seizing the gradation, the development, and aggregate of the character. It is a tremendous ordeal to go through a rigid examination in *Norma*, by an audience made by circumstances so fastidious. And to have come off with such flying colours redounds infinitely to the reputation of Mdlle. Titiens, and we hope substantially to the treasury of the theatre.

When Madame Grisi retired, people attended her last performances as though they were the funeral obsequies of Lucrezia and Norma. The sickle and the cup of poison were to be laid aside like curiosities in a museum. A man would have been thought unusually sanguine who would have insured Norma's life an hour after the historical type of that character had quitted the stage for ever. The fame of Bellini was likely to be at a discount. Probably no composer of this century was so entirely dependent on others for his chance of fame, as the author of the *Pirata* and *Norma*. It is a different matter with such composers as Mozart or Mendelssohn. Their profound learning and scholarship, as a substratum for fancy, keep every note that they pen as fresh and valuable as when they first appeared. It is nothing to such men

that Farinelli and Rubini have passed away like shadows. Their works live by their own inherent strength. But Bellini, the amiable and gentle, whose music most faithfully mirrors his character, had little else but his pure melody and his singers to depend upon. The *Pirate* and the *Straniera* were buried in the same grave as Rubini, and, Pasta and Grisi once removed from the scene, what was to become of *Norma*? The young composer, snatched away so early, like "our Adonais," before his prime, would have lent no credit to a prophecy that a Viennese lady would come to the rescue and save *Norma* from oblivion. Mademoiselle Titiens is quite sensible of her responsibility. Her *Norma* improves every season. Nature has not given her the peerless face and figure of that great predecessor whose attitudes and features are enshrined, like some classic statue, in our memories, but has compensated her with a voice which, we verily believe, would have outshone a Mara or Catalani, and an intelligence and occasional enthusiasm which already are splendid, but which, we have a right to say, command a greater future in seasons to come. The sustained pathos of her acting, from the address to her children at the opening of the second act, to the appeal for mercy to Oroveso at its close, will fairly challenge comparison with the well-remembered portrait of Madame Grisi; but in the first half of the tragedy the Teutonic songstress did not succeed in effacing our memories of the Italian. Years of study and thought will give a finish and a general level of excellence to the portrait of which Mlle. Titiens has painted more than one half so beautifully.

## REVIEWS.

### MEMOIRS OF LOUVET AND DULAURE.\*

THESE Mémoires, republished in one of the collections of which the French are so fond, belong to a class of which there are so many specimens that they almost form a department by themselves in French literature. They are records of what was experienced in the Great Revolution, and especially under the "Terror." They are, in almost all instances, remarkable documents, and have a character of their own, as they might well be expected to have. For it is not often that men, at least civilized men, have lived under such conditions of existence; and these conditions naturally controlled and moulded the minds of those who described them and their results, and, among other things, seem to have impressed on the reciters a truthfulness which we can hardly doubt. The horrors, the madness, the agony, the escapes, the tragedies of those days were so extreme and awful that even the silliest or most affected writers are forced into clearness, simplicity, and plainness of speech in describing what they were witnesses to. They are, as it were, compelled to take the stamp of the awful facts before them, and they seem to reproduce it faithfully and without exaggeration. Never, perhaps, was human nature, in such numbers of men at once, put to such an intense strain by all that tries it to the utmost—by anxiety, by fear, by love, by hope, by sympathy, by hatred. The generation is not quite passed away, though it is passing, which has heard living lips recount the experiences of the "Terror;" and of all exciting stories, few could match one told by a Frenchman, or above all, by a Frenchwoman, who had gone through the scenes described—a domiciliary visit, or an actual sight of the revolutionary tribunal. But when all living witnesses shall have disappeared, we shall still possess, in the contemporary records composed by persons of all ranks, and of all characters and opinions, a picture hardly less lively of what men did and felt and endured.

But the interest lies mainly in the scenes and situations described, and it is not often that it attaches itself to the character of the narrator. These Mémoires are instances in point. They are the work of subordinate actors in the Revolution. No political convulsion ever, perhaps, brought up to the surface a greater number of commonplace and uninteresting human beings, and placed scoundrels and fools of so poor a type in position to wield such power and do such mischief, as the succession of convulsions which is called the French Revolution. And, if the leaders were, with one or two exceptions, so poor—men who might be matched at any provincial French bar, in any company of French bag-men, almost in any French wine-shop—the subordinates were not likely to be of any great mark. Dulaure was a man with a little science, and a great passion for scandalous anecdotes. Louvet, a more important person, was one of the tail of the Gironde, the heads of which, if they had not been overthrown by yet worse men, would probably have exhibited the greatest instance on record of imposture and imbecility in Government. Louvet was a man meant by nature to do no more than he began his career by doing—that is, to popularize the coarsest vice by writing the nastiest novels, and selling them. But the Revolution made the author of *Faubus* a reformer, an important partisan, an orator, a persecuted confessor—almost a Minister of the Republic, and almost one of its victims. To his new functions Louvet brought plenty of spirit, a furious hatred and suspicion of every party and every person who did not agree with him—Feuillants, Royalists, Dantonists, and Maratists—and the most confident and imperturbable self-conceit. He was one of the original and genuine "Jacobins," whose name, destined to become so famous, was filched from them, he tells us, by their deadly opponents and rivals, the "Cordeliers," who cunningly and

maliciously infiltrated themselves, as it were, into a body which was not properly their own, and filled it with a new element, which, expelling the old, assumed its form and local habitation. "It is to be observed," he remarks, "that scarcely any of the pure Jacobins were Cordeliers, but all the Cordeliers were Jacobins, and carried on an open war with the latter in their own hall." They ended by driving out the "pure Jacobins," Louvet among the rest, and taking possession of the nest for themselves. He early began to dislike Robespierre. He tells with great triumph how, in his second speech, he demolished, "*j'accuse!*" Robespierre; and how Robespierre felt it, "could not answer a word at the time, stamping out five or six answers the following days, wrote, and wrote, and wrote, and set all his agents to work to decry the new orator." He traces his own unpopularity with the "*foule idiote déjà toute Robespierriste*" to the alarm of the future Dictator, and his manoeuvres to remove as soon as possible "*un nouvel athlète dont le courage et les moyens l'alarment fort.*" He delights in describing the two or three occasions in which, as he considers, he inflicted signal discomfiture on Robespierre; and, alive to literary merit, he dwells with emphasis, and not without satisfaction, on the Dictator's very bad style:—"Détestable auteur et très mince écrivain, il n'a aujourd'hui d'autre talent que celui qu'il est en état d'acheter." But Louvet's boldness in standing up against Robespierre, though perhaps he did not quite know what he was doing, and there was a considerable spice of personal pique in it, was probably the one qualification which he possessed for his new trade as a regenerator of France. He had courage. It is the redeeming point in a character made up of conceit, affectation, and sentimentalism of the most nauseous and ridiculous French type of the time. But a man who on all occasions courted the hostility of Robespierre—who ventured, in the terrible struggle between the Gironde and the Mountain, to take up alone, and on his own account, Robespierre's challenge, and to the terrible question, "Who in the Convention dared accuse him?" to answer "*Moi, Robespierre, je t'accuse!*"—and who led the attack, which, if it had been supported by allies as daring, would probably have crushed Robespierre, and perhaps the Mountain itself—must be allowed to have had no common share of nerve. Yet his courage, though undoubted, always has the appearance of an ebullition of irritability, and of impatient, personal dislike, desirous to vent itself at any cost. All he did was to provoke and exasperate. It is, no doubt, with a sense of satisfaction now that we read his vigorous denunciations of the scoundrels who were rising to power, his graphic description of Robespierre's tricks and management in the Convention, his sarcastic and witty reports in his *Journal des Débats* of the meetings and discussions at the Jacobin Club. But all that he did by them was to blow up the flame, and render more merciless the vengeance; and, except in his abuse of the parties and persons opposed to the Girondists, in which he undoubtedly showed great spirit and no inconsiderable literary talent, he is simply a foolish and extravagant pamphleteer. The shallowest nonsense of the time is nowhere found put forth with greater emphasis and solemnity than in his papers; and he has stupidities and absurdities of his own. The one idea which ruled him in his judgment of the policy and objects of the Mountain was that Marat and Robespierre were actually the paid agents of England, and were acting in concert with the invading Powers; and one of his proofs of it is, that in the proscription of the Girondins, the list, though several times varied, was always *twenty-two*; —

This strange identity of number, at four different periods, is a presumption that the number of twenty-two heads, always kept to, was that which, by one of the first articles of its secret treaty with the foreign Powers, the Mountain had engaged to furnish. . . . Remember that the crimes of the Revolutionary Tribunal and the Committee of Public Safety were not the crimes of the Republic. They have never allowed us to establish it. It was to disgrace it, to render it the object of hatred, to ruin it for ever, that they affected unceasingly to connect its name with their cruel and foul deeds. All the crimes which they have committed are still those of royalty.

His principal complaint against his friends and the Gironde is that they could not take in his conception of a vast conspiracy between the Mountain and the "Powers." Salle, Barbaroux, and Buzot, alone, he says, recognised the agency of the Duke of Orleans; but—

their penetration could not reach further. Salle was the only one whom I could persuade that Austria and England had their chief agents in the Jacobins, and I remember that Guadet, Pétion, and Barbaroux himself, even when in hiding in the Gironde, six months after May 31, exclaimed against me when I said that Marat and his band belonged to the Powers. Sometimes Guadet said it, in moments of indignation; but it was by a kind of metaphor; and certainly he never would have been willing to take what he called this hypothesis as the basis of his conduct in the Assembly.

It is obvious that Louvet would. There can be no doubt that Louvet was not a whit behind Robespierre or even Marat at this period, in his readiness to appeal to the wildest suspicions, and in his desire to strike terror into his opponents. Louvet, if he had had the power, would as surely have guillotined Robespierre, Marat, and Danton, as they would have guillotined him if they could have caught him. As he says himself, he would have had, if victorious, the same auxiliaries as they had; and when this game is once begun, it is not easy to say where, with weak heads such as Louvet, it will stop.

But he was destined to be the victim and not the executioner—to rouse the hatred of mankind against the *grands exterminateurs*, the *mangeurs des hommes* of his time; not—as it is by no means certain that the turn of a vote in the Convention might not have made him—to be their rival in merciless vengeance. He has written a book which, as a tale of men flying from encompassing

\* *Mémoires de Louvet. Mémoires de Dulaure. (Mémoires et Documents sur la Révolution Française.) Paris: Poulet-Malassis. 1862.*

and all but certain death, is full of terrible interest. Louvet's account of his journey from the Gironde, where he left Guadet and Barbaroux, and his other friends, and where, in one way or another, they all miserably perished, is very long, very curious, and full of scenes of the broadest comedy just on the very edge of the most frightful danger. It is a singular picture of the interior of France at a distance from Paris — of the various tempers of the people, and the various ways in which they regarded the Republic. He describes a fever of suspicion and mistrust, in the midst of which, however, the business of life went on — inns were crowded with travellers — carriers plied their trade and transported their parcels, and the great mass of people felt their necks tolerably safe from the guillotine which made such work in high quarters. But it was impossible to move a step along the road without the chance of falling in with a host of suspicious and busy partisans; and every stranger who came into a house was the object of innumerable manœuvres, especially on the part of the female inmates, to make out his real character, to entrap him, or else to get him away as quickly as possible. And of course this universal distrust led, according to men's dispositions, to varied and strongly marked acts of generosity or meanness, and to all manner of odd shifts to combine good nature with due care for self-preservation. But though the roads and towns bristled with fiercely suspicious guards, the Jacobin patriots must have been bunglers to have allowed Louvet to traverse France in open day without being discovered. His escapes, however, were narrow; and, clumsy as Maratist sentries and searchers were, it is extraordinary that in so long a journey no false step was made, the result of which to him must undoubtedly have been the choice between suicide and the guillotine. The suspense in which the reader of his narrative is kept, for many pages, is almost painful; but though the terrible issue is ever before us, the adventures by which he escapes are often of a most Falstaffian character. He lies hid in cellars which villagers, imperfect in their sanitary arrangements, use as cesspools, and where old women, stumbling in the dark and crying for help, nearly cause his discovery; and he passes through the gates of dangerous towns, and escapes the vigilance of zealous officers, covered up with straw and travelling bags, or sheltered by the petticoats of his female travelling companions. These shifts are described with a ludicrous gravity; but still more grotesque is the sustained and ridiculous self-importance of the poor little fiery-spirited "proscript," who, even in the extremity of his peril, still fancies himself the dangerous and dreaded rival of Robespierre and Danton, laments the feebleness of his "partisans" in Paris and the present strength of his enemies, and is sure that no more acceptable present than his head could be made "aux Rois du dehors, et aux Rois de la Montagne."

Dulaure's narrative is equally curious, and is written with less affectation than Louvet's. He tells his story simply and well, and abstains from reflexions, philosophical or sentimental. He was a friend of Louvet, and of the same general way of thinking, but less strongly connected with the Girondins. He escaped the first proscriptions of the party; but, after hoping that he had been overlooked or pardoned, was surprised at last by the fatal "décret d'accusation," and forced to fly. By the help of forged passports, and after many dangers, he escaped at last into Switzerland. One of the most characteristic scenes given in his narrative is the description of meeting of the Convention through which he waited for many hours in the agony of suspense, expecting to hear his name included in the list of the accused. It was some time after the overthrow of the Girondins. He had come into Paris from Chaillet, where he was living, and he took his place in the Convention, expecting nothing unusual in the business of the day. He observed the galleries to be very full, and an appearance of anxiety pervading the place, as if something alarming was expected. Several deputies noticed it and went away, but he did not think of moving. Presently, Amar, a member of the Committee of Public Safety, appeared at the tribune to make his report respecting the deputies who had been arrested since the fall of the Girondins. Before beginning, he demanded that all the doors should be closed, even those of the galleries, so that no one might leave the hall. Several deputies had time to anticipate the execution of the order; but Dulaure, though he might have imitated their example, thought that there was no need to do so. He only feared for a friend; and when a list of deputies was read whose arrest was demanded, and his friend's name was not in it, his anxiety was at an end. His only distress was, that he was about to look on as a bystander at the terrible blow which one part of the Convention was about to aim at the other. But when Amar proceeded to read his report, Dulaure, to his consternation, fancied that, coupled with the names of the accused deputies, he heard his own. He thought at first that he must be mistaken; but a second and a third time it was mentioned, and there could be no doubt on the matter. There he was, surprised and with no possibility of escape. Accusation, as every one knew, meant judgment and death. He was sitting in a prominent place, and he noticed, each time that his name was mentioned, that many eyes were turned to him, some in pity, some in triumph. The reading of the report lasted two hours — then was to follow the decree, and the list of those who were to be arrested at once, before the sitting was closed. The first list read at the opening of the sitting had not contained his name; but it seemed impossible that the second list, which was to be framed in conformity with Amar's report, should omit it. He listened to the reading out of the new list; it was very long; it had now nearly been read through; a few seconds would decide his fate; at last it was finished, and his name was not in

it. Yet still he could not feel safe. He might have been accidentally forgotten, and the sitting was not yet over. Meanwhile, the decree was passed, without discussion, without even taking votes. The accused were not allowed to speak. Dulaure saw them all, without resistance, crowd together in the enclosure of the bar, like sheep set apart for the shambles. Then came a decree against a fresh class of offenders, in which he knew that he was not included. They were also at once ordered to be arrested. He could no longer keep his place, and he arose and plunged into the throng collected at the entrance of the hall. One of his friends shook him by the hand and congratulated him. "The sitting is not finished," he answered; and hardly had he said the words, when the voice of Billaud Varennes was heard from the summit of the "Mountain." This was a fresh cause of alarm; and to Dulaure's horror, Billaud Varennes, with great indignation, complained that a member of the Convention who had been several times mentioned in the report, was not included in the list of the accused. Dulaure thought that his hour was come. To his surprise and joy, the name was not his, but "Philip of Orléans." The motion was at once carried, and he could not doubt that it would be the same with a motion which recalled his own name. The sitting seemed as if it would never end. He wandered about the corridors, and passed in and out of the hall, while the list was read over three times. The members of the Mountain went on making new motions to add fresh names; and every motion was at once adopted. The list went on increasing; all this time there was no possibility of getting out of the hall; and the facility with which additions were made to the list made him feel his own danger. At last the long session came to an end; at six in the evening the doors were opened; and he rushed out of the Tuilleries. Dulaure, who was, soon after, accused in good earnest, describes many situations of cruel anxiety and terrible danger. But nothing equals the horror of this long day in the Convention, while he was waiting to hear if his name was in the list of those *décrets d'arrestation*, or whether, after it had been luckily left out, it would occur to some fanatic or some enemy to call for its insertion.

#### THE LIFE OF WILLIAM BLAMIRE.\*

THE biographer of Mr. Blamire has to set out with the curious fact that the hero of his story was a really remarkable man, that he occupied a prominent position in Parliament at a critical time, that for a quarter of a century he was engaged in carrying out the practical working of very important measures, and yet that he died in the beginning of this year, leaving behind him a name which, to the public at large, was almost absolutely unknown. It is the one interesting point in Mr. Blamire's life that it illustrates how much solid worth and how much devotion, zeal, and ability are placed at the service of a great country without attracting any attention beyond that of a narrow circle. We often plume ourselves on the thought that Englishmen are largely guided by duty, and that many people in this country work for the public with a constancy and a thoroughness which no money can purchase, and which the spur of ambition or the desire of distinction would fail to elicit. We also like to believe that the road to public honour is open to any one, and that merit in this country has always at least a chance of reward. The student of Blackstone is told that, under our happy constitution, the meanest citizen may rise to the proudest position. Experience has long ago determined that this is a mere legal possibility, unless in a few exceptional instances. There are instances, and that is all that can be said. Mr. Blamire was one of these, although not in a very eminent degree. He achieved a much higher position than appeared to be open to him, and he achieved it solely by his personal merit. When a permanent official station was offered him, he accepted it with a resolute determination to do his duty to the utmost, and he worked at what most men would think very dry business with an assiduity that would have brought most men to an early grave. His life is thus a good illustration of what an Englishman, with a slight chance given him, may do if he uses that chance well, and also of the virtues a public servant can display. That his name and deeds should have been so soon and so utterly forgotten, also points the moral that the reward of a zealous subordinate official can scarcely ever be that of popular eminence.

William Blamire was born at the Oaks, near Dalston, in Cumberland, April 13, 1790, and the parish of Dalston had then the honour of having Paley as its vicar. The Archdeacon christened the child, and Blamire had an impression that the personal teaching of the author of the *Moral Philosophy* had a great influence on his own character and opinions. The dates are, as his biographer explains, rather against this; but it is a curious coincidence that Paley should have proposed three great measures of rural reform — the Commutation of Tithes, the Enfranchisement of Copyholds, and the Inclosure of Waste Lands — and that a child who formed part of a family with which Paley was intimately acquainted should have been the chief agent in carrying out the three schemes. When he was nine years old, William Blamire went to Westminster, and thence to Christchurch; and although he did not distinguish himself at school or college, and was thought by his father to be a stupid backward boy, yet, as he was thrown in the way of a good education for so many years, his subsequent rise cannot be compared to that of men who have risen from a barber's

\* A Biographical Sketch of the late William Blamire. By Henry Lonsdale, M.D. London: Routledge. 1862.

shop to the woolsack. It was chiefly because he refused to go into any profession that he had to rise at all in any but the usual way. But on leaving College he declined to do anything except stay in the country and farm. His father, who was a retired naval surgeon, and possessed a small patrimonial estate, yielded to his son's wishes, and established him as what would now be called a small gentleman farmer, and was then in Cumberland called a yeoman, and allowed him to occupy a farm that would one day be his property. His rise consisted in winning such a hold on the estimation of his brother yeomen, and interesting so many county neighbours in his favour, that he was returned to Parliament as member for East Cumberland. Undoubtedly no one but a remarkable man could have accomplished this. Nor did he in the least seek the honour that was offered him. He does not appear to have had any political ambition, and his influence with his brother farmers was gained simply by living socially with them, by numerous acts of kindness, by being the first to test agricultural improvements, and by a patient attention to the details of parochial and county business. He was a farmer, but he was a superior sort of farmer; and, as he was also a very pleasant neighbourly man, the farmers stuck by him.

The election contest which ended in his return was one long remembered in the annals of the county, and had at the time sufficient importance attached to it to be watched with anxiety by politicians of every party. Lord Lonsdale had long reigned supreme in those parts, and among the nine members he returned to Parliament, a prescription reaching far into the past declared that one should find a seat, as of right, in the county of Cumberland. Sir James Graham, who divided as a Whig the representation of the county with Lord Lonsdale's nominee, was wholly averse to attempting anything so hopeless as the robbing Lord Lonsdale of one of the surest of his nine seats. But the whole of England was then excited. The Whigs had appealed to the country to support the Reform Bill, and the Liberals of Cumberland would not be satisfied with doing less for the sacred cause than returning both members for their county. The yeomen themselves fixed on Blamire, and forced him on Sir James Graham and the other Whig landowners. They asserted that nothing but Blamire's great personal popularity could carry the election, and that he would be sure to succeed. They had their way, and the trial of strength came. From the first opening of the poll the Whig candidates were far ahead, and in the middle of the contest their opponent, Lord Lowther, withdrew. The zeal which the electors showed in doing honour to their favourite was a tribute to his merits such as few public men receive. The poorer electors came on foot for forty or fifty miles to vote for him; some of his supporters, who could not procure or afford lodgings in Cockermouth, came prepared to camp out during the polling time; the women were so devoted to Blamire, that a farmer's daughter requested him to let her know whether her lover ventured to vote with the Tory party, to which he belonged, as in that case she could not think of marrying him. After entering Parliament, Blamire was too sensible a man to speak on subjects which he did not understand; but he soon made his weight felt on subjects which he did understand. He especially distinguished himself by advocating the interests of women in the debates on the Dower Bill, and carried the House so completely with him that the Attorney-General, who at first opposed him, was obliged to adopt his suggestions. He gradually acquired a high reputation as a sound, acute man of business, but he did not go further than this until the subject of the commutation of tithes was discussed in 1836. Blamire had long studied the subject, and he had often acted as arbitrator in tithe disputes. It so happened, also, that in a parish within two miles of the farm where he resided in Cumberland, a commutation of tithes had actually been established so far back as 1771. The Government, who were overwhelmed with the practical difficulties of carrying out a measure under which every settlement must be a compromise keenly contested by disputants so sturdy and obstinate as landlords and parsons, hailed with delight the appearance of a man on their own side who was suddenly discovered to know all about tithes, and was generally allowed to be the man to commute them if any one could. Directly after the passing of the Act, in August 1836, Mr. Blamire was appointed a Tithe Commissioner, and resigned his seat in Parliament.

The description of the way in which he used to work at his office is enough to startle lazy people who think themselves moderately industrious. He was generally at the office at eight in the morning and continued until seven, when he went home and read more official papers. The only sleep he got for months together was four or five hours on a sofa. We acknowledge that we do not quite see why it should be thought meritorious in a public servant not to undress. However, a sofa was Blamire's choice, and he adhered to it bravely. The only relaxation he ever allowed himself was going to church on Sunday morning—he was far too busy to be able to go to church again. He received three hundred letters a-day on tithe business alone, and he at one time examined every document that went out of the office. But even this amount of business did not exhaust his powers of serving his country. He was ready to take more work. He took great interest in the Copyhold Enfranchisement Bill, and when it passed, in 1841, he was made a Copyholder as well as a Tithe Commissioner; and lastly, in 1845, he was made an Inclosure Commissioner. We find in a footnote an account of the manner in which he spent twenty-four hours, to the knowledge of the person who furnished the biographer with the statement.

It comes, when put shortly, to this—that Blamire worked about twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four, and had no dinner except a few strawberries. Curiously enough, he had no symptoms of paralysis until 1847, and even then, by care, he managed to go on working almost without intermission. He kept two clerks busy writing to his dictation, until "there was a return of muscular power and sensibility in his arm and fingers." He became, however, so nervous, and so wedded to his office that he did not dare to travel by railway, and he probably would never have overcome his reluctance to leave London and work, only that in 1857 his wife died, and he wished to bury her among his kindred. In the summer of 1860, it became evident, even to himself, that he could not go on working any more, and he retired from public life to his old Cumberland farm. He outlived his powers of mind, and after sinking into a mournful state of mental and bodily debility, he died on the 12th of last January.

We do not wonder that such a man should awaken love and respect in the minds of those who knew him well. His friends, who were attracted by his sweetness and truthfulness of character, could admire the singleness of purpose, the anxiety to do right, and the unswerving resolution which he showed in the discharge of his public duties. Dr. Lonsdale, who was one of his most attached friends, and who now publishes the narrative of his life, has reason for saying that such a man ought not to pass away without a generation that has forgotten him or never knew him being told what he was like and what he did. In spite of the oddly magniloquent language in which Dr. Lonsdale, probably through mere want of practice in writing, speaks of his friend, most readers will find this short memoir full of interest. But we can scarcely agree with Dr. Lonsdale in thinking that his country treated Blamire with injustice. It seems hard to friends that so able and earnest a man, and so admirable a public servant, should be so soon forgotten. But it is inevitable that people who do not keep continually before the public in a prominent, intelligible way, should be little noticed. A man who works from eight in the morning till seven in the evening, arranging the details of a clever scheme for making copyholds into freeholds, confers a real benefit on the nation, but it is one that very few know that he is conferring, or could appreciate if they knew. If duty is a principle that urges on the better class of Englishmen to render service to the State, they ought not to complain if they do not get glory too. If men like Mr. Blamire were always famous, fame would be a part of doing duty, and no one would do his duty for duty's sake. In the consciousness of doing a vast amount of business and doing it wonderfully well, in the loving admiration of his personal friends, and in the respect and regard of all the leading statesmen with whom he had to do, Mr. Blamire had a reward which was not splendid, but which cannot be called inadequate.

#### THE GEMMA ECCLESIASTICA OF GIRALDUS.\*

MR. BREWER must be one of those men who find their sole relaxation in change of labour. Most people would have taken an extra long vacation after putting forth a ponderous volume of State Papers of Henry VIII. To Mr. Brewer it seems to be holiday enough to put forth another volume of Giraldus Cambrensis. We quite sympathize with the feeling; for Giraldus is certainly one of the most amusing writers of any age. And here Mr. Brewer has lighted on a quite untrodien field. In the present volume he introduces us to a hitherto unpublished work of his author, and one which sets him before us in rather an unaccustomed light. The *Gemma Ecclesiastica* is written with a practical purpose, and we think that it does not contain anything directly in praise of Giraldus himself. To be sure, he asks those for whom he writes to thank and praise him for the trouble which he has taken on their behalf. Nor are the praises of the *Gemma Ecclesiastica* itself unrecorded in the other writings of its author. This was the book which the great Pope Innocent prized above all books. Giraldus, in pursuit of his visionary Archibishopric, practised a more innocent kind of simony than usual. He tried to purchase the Pontiff's favour by giving him a set of his own writings. Others gave *libra*—he gave *libri*. The books, if we may believe their author, caused an unparalleled stir in the Roman Court. Everybody wished to read them; the Cardinals and Bishops thirsted after the fountains of wisdom opened for them by the Welsh Archdeacon. Let Mr. Brewer tell the tale:—

They besieged the chamber of the Pontiff; they implored him for a loan of the manuscripts. The Pope was deaf to entreaties. Next to his Bible and his Aristotle, like the student of Oxford in the *Canterbury Tales*, Innocent kept the precious deposit at his bed's head. He would not part with a single volume; for he was a ripe scholar and loved good books. He tantalized curiosity by pointing out to the cardinals, who surrounded him, the numerous beauties and choice sentences in the works before him. At last, and as a signal favour, he permitted each of his cardinals to take away for perusal a single volume; but the *Gemma Ecclesiastica* he would never allow to be out of his sight. It was reserved like pontifical wine for pontifical taste; no eyes below those of the successor of St. Peter must venture to profane its mysteries.—*Pp. ix, x.*

Mr. Brewer tells us that no copy is known to exist save the one from which his edition is printed, and he ventures to hint that it may be the very one which Giraldus laid at the feet of Innocent III. If this be so, or even if one copy exist at Lambeth and another at the Vatican, it is hard to see how the *Gemma Ecclesiastica* can have served the special practical purpose which

\* *Giraldi Cambrensis Gemma Ecclesiastica*. Edited by J. S. Brewer, M.A. London: Longman & Co. 1862.

Giraldus certainly meant it to serve. A book written for the benefit of the clergy of a Welsh Archdeaconry could hardly do much good if nobody saw it but the Pope and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Giraldus writes, as Archdeacon of St. David's, to correct the morals and discipline of his own immediate flock. The book contains no great amount of local matter, only a few hints that the very elementary instruction which the book contains was more needed in Wales than in other places. The Archdeacon's precepts mainly amount to these—to avoid fornication and simony, to master the rudiments of Latin, and to conduct divine service with some sort of decency. Good advice, beyond all doubt, but not exactly creditable to those who needed it. Is it possible that Pope Innocent kept the *Genusa Ecclesiastica* to himself for fear of exposing the nakedness of the land? So shrewd a Pontiff may have been unwilling that the world at large should know that any part of the Church Universal was in the state in which Giraldus seems to have found the Archdeaconry of St. David's.

This last question, however, opens a line of thought which it may be worth while to follow out a little further. It must strike every one who thinks about it that zealous men now, and zealous men then, dealt with abuses in the Church in very different ways. Of course in all ages there is a conservative party which, as occasion suits it, either denies the fact of abuses, or maintains that what are called abuses are quite right and proper. But really earnest reformers then and now use very different language. A reformer now has something of the conservative feeling about him. Even in denouncing abuses, he has a sort of notion of trying to make the best of things. He denies or puts a decent colour upon unpleasant matters whenever he honestly can, and, perhaps, now and then, his honesty rather strains a point. It is not now the friends of the Church, but her enemies, who make impassioned harangues against ecclesiastical abuses, or who rake together every story they can find of clerical ignorance or misconduct. In the days of Giraldus things took quite an opposite turn. The fiery zeal of reformers made out everything as bad as they could. Fervent ascetics denouncing sin in high places, faithful Bishops labouring for the improvement of their flocks, all spoke out in a way in which only enemies would speak out now. They were indeed given to exaggerate existing evils rather than either to conceal or to defend them. They seem to take a sort of pleasure in painting everything as black as possible; so much so that it is utterly unsafe to use fervid declamations of this sort as historical evidence without making considerable deductions. Now, what is the cause of this remarkable difference as to means between men having the same end in view? Partly, no doubt, the change is owing to the strong language, which was thought eloquent then, being thought indecorous now. But this is a very small part of the matter. The main cause of the change is to be found in the existence of Dissent. The modern reformer is always hampered by the fear of giving occasion to the enemy to blaspheme. If, in the interest of the Church, his words will be echoed in a hundred quarters where the object sought is not the reformation of the Church, but its destruction. The mediæval claimants had no such fear. There were no Dissenters nearer than Constantinople and Cordova, except here and there a Jew or a Manichee, who was lucky if he escaped the weight of the secular arm. When all believed alike, when all were members of one ecclesiastical family, there was no fear of bringing the family into discredit by washing its dirty linen before strangers. Hence, reformers declaimed to their hearts' content; comfortable dignitaries might think them troublesome fellows, but they could not hint that they were heterodox or doing the work of the enemy. As the Reformation draws near, as Dissent grows up at home, as the laity begin to fall off, if not from their faith, at least from their obedience, we see the modern feeling palpably coming in. But in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there is no sign of it. St. Thomas of Canterbury believed in the Pope as devoutly as Cardinal Wiseman can do; but St. Thomas of Canterbury used language about the Pope which would grievously shock Cardinal Wiseman, and would as decidedly delight Mr. Whalley. The cause of the difference is, that when everybody believed in the Pope, there was no need to be so particular. Rebuke or even reviling of the individual Pontiff implied no lack of reverence towards the abstract Chair of St. Peter.

One is so accustomed to think of Giraldus in such a wholly different character, as the assertor of his own merits and of the rights of the See of St. David's, that there seems a certain incongruity in his figuring as a moral and ritual teacher. But his assumption of this severer character does not hinder him from being as clever and as amusing as ever. He was neither so wise nor so good a man as Robert Grosseteste, but his writings are a great deal more pleasant to read. Clever he always is, and learned according to the learning of his age; yet it is easy to see in his writings the reflection of one of the weaker and not one of the stronger minds of the time. His superstition, his love of marvels and miracles of all sorts, is excessive. Of course it does not surpass, indeed it hardly reaches, the popular standard of the time, but it is clearly something different from what one is used to in reading the works of the really great men of those ages. There is always something about Giraldus which reminds us that he was not a wise man. We easily see why Innocent III., however much he honoured him, however much he may have really admired his learning and eloquence, never gave him any practical help. On the other hand, some allowance must be made for an Archdeacon of St. David's addressing the hedge-priests of Pembrokeshire. The arguments which best suited them, and the arguments which best

suited Pope Innocent, would be far from always being the same. To much that would be the readiest way of frightening a Welsh priest into better ways the Pontiff would at most give a decorous official assent. We can well believe that the wisest men of those times would be in a sort of divided mind about the popular miracles of the age. Their general possibility was a matter of faith, but the truth of each particular miracle was a matter of evidence. We can fancy that the evidence of each story was seldom very accurately weighed. To refute a miracle was at best an ungracious task, and it might possibly carry with it the sin of fighting against God. A wise man—Innocent, Stephen Langton, Robert Grosseteste—would not deny them, but, on the other hand, he would not practically think much about them; he would use them for those whose mental condition they suited, but not dwell much upon them in dealing with his intellectual equals. But the inferior mind of Giraldus seems to delight in them; he is specially fond of what always seems to us the most offensive style of miracle. Giraldus was a firm believer in transubstantiation, which was not yet, though it was very soon to become, an authorized dogma of the Church. He teaches his clergy reverence by means of those stories of luminous, and even of bleeding, Hosts which seem suited only to the very lowest class of minds.

Of the two parts of the work, the first consists chiefly of directions and rules for the proper discharging of ritual duties, and especially for the reverent celebration of mass. The second part is devoted to moral matters, chiefly to an exhortation to chastity. Of course a great deal here is good advice both for clergy and laity; but it must always be remembered that, when strict men in those days inveigh against the fornication of the clergy, they very often mean what we should now call their lawful marriage. In both parts Giraldus deals largely in illustrative anecdotes, some of which are very amusing tales. One or two, as the story of Galliena, which Mr. Brewer has transferred to his Preface, quite swell into miniature romances. He has also, besides chastity, a good deal to say about simony and other vices of the age, and finally he gets upon its lack of learning. Some of his remarks on this head might remind us of academical disputes in our own time. Giraldus was a scholar, and greatly prized an elegant Latin style. He complains that men were beginning to neglect elegant scholarship in their excessive devotion to the study of law and logic. As Mr. Brewer says, there really was some truth in this accusation. There is no doubt that the Latin of the later middle age, when men's heads were full of the scholastic philosophy, was more impure than that of the centuries immediately before it.

Two chapters of this part of the book make a very good Art of Fluck. Giraldus tells us a great many stories, many of which happened in his own hearing, of the bad Latin of Abbots, Bishops, and even Archbishops. It is some comfort, however, to find that these dignitaries, when corrected for their blunders, do not seem to have ever claimed any exemption from the common laws of accidence and syntax; no one under a King of the Romans sets himself up to be "super grammaticam." Giraldus has one very good tale about a certain Robert, Abbot of Malmesbury, in his own time, whose bad Latin at last got so far beyond his monks' powers of endurance that they applied to Pope Alexander III. to get him deposed. The Bishops of Exeter and Worcester, with certain assessors, were set to examine him. He is required to construe the words, "'Factus est repente de celo sonus.' Cum cœstro Gallici interpretatus esset, veniens ad 'repenti,' stetit et hesitavit, tandem vero dixit; 'Repente, ille non repenti.'" His deposition seemed imminent, when one of the assessors cited a precedent. A certain Abbot had been tried on a like charge before Pope Alexander himself. He was put on in the words of the mass, "'Vere dignum et justum est, aquum et salutare,' qui cum exposuisset, 'Vere dignum et justum est, Veramente dignum et justum est, veniens ad 'aquum,' dixit: 'Equum, eoo et cheval,' et 'salutare,' millevit.'" Divers Cardinals were for depositing such an Abbot, but, as he was proved to be a good Abbot in other things, the Pope let him retain his staff. So Abbot Robert also, being proved to be skilful and careful in all bursarial and presidential matters, was allowed to keep his place, the Prior and Subprior being specially warned to supply their superior's deficiencies "in spiritualibus."

To the Abbots' French we may add one or two specimens of English. A priest in Worcester, spent a night at a bull—seemingly in a churchyard—"choris circiter ecclesiam ductis." He there hears a certain ungodly song or ballad, and the consequences next morning are deplorable:—

*Mans ad missam sacerdotibus induitos, et ad aram stans insignitus, pro salutatione ad populum scilicet, "Dominus vobiscum," endem Anglie lingua coram omnibus alta voce modulando pronuntiavit in hunc modum: "Sweet lamau dñm are." Cujus huc dicti mens esse potest: "Dulcis amio, tuam poscit amor opem." Hujus autem eventus occasione episcopus loci illius, Willielmus scilicet de Norhale, sub anathematis intermissione publice per synodus et capitula prohibeti fecit, ne cantilena illa, propter memoria refractionem, quis ad mentem facias revocare posset, de ostero per episcopatum suum caneretur.—P. 120.*

The next story we do not exactly understand, but it lets us into some details of the Court of Henry I. What were the exact duties of the "matrona magistra"?

*Tempore quoque Anglorum regis Henrici primi, puella nobilis, quae ipse adulterini amplexibus adamabat, quoniam hoc viito labore conseruerat, de rege concipere magnopere desiderabat; que suggestions capellani sui, cum singulis diebus anni unius, missam de Dominica in Adventu cuius introitum, "Horate celi, demper" devote audisset et obtulisset, nec tamen optatum consecrata fuisset effectum, dixit ei matrona magistra ipsius, cuius velicet custodie deputata fuerit, lingua materna, Anglie scilicet, in hunc modum:*

"*Rorisse je rorise ne urthe non;*" ac si diceret, "In vanum cotidie roras tantum, oras et ploras, nosque jejunandi dadio tam male affici et affligis, quia quod tantopere petis proculdubio non obtinebis." Et sic Capellani illius comperta est cupiditas et explossa.—P. 128.

Finally, Mr. Riley's "*unus panis albus vocatus bunne*" is almost equalled by the following—

Item exemplum de sancto Yvoro episcopo, qui majores mures, qui vulgariter rati vocantur, quia libos suos forte eroderant, per suam imprecatorem a provincia Hiberniae, que Farnegulam dicitur, in qua diliquerunt, prorsus ejeti, adeo ut nec ibi postea longo tempore nasci, nec vivere valeant advecti.—P. 161.

This is cited to prove the force of excommunication.

Si igitur in vermes et bestiolas, quae excusat a crimen ipsa bestialitas, tanta vis habet imprecatio, non parum hominibus ratione predictis, cum culpas scierter admittuntur, a quibus excusari non possunt, metuenda est excommunicatio legitime facta et bonorum virorum imprecatio.—P. 161.

#### TALES BY BERTHOUD AND NODIER.\*

THERE is not much in common between these two little books, except in so far as they both may tend to throw light upon the ways of thinking and acting which prevail among our French neighbours. The *Secret de Femme*, which gives its name to the *Contes Parisiens* of M. Eugène Berthoud, is the first of a series of short tales, such as used to appear in *Blackwood* or *Fraser*, before the novel in numbers was invented. *Les Choses du Temps Présent*, by M. Edmond Nodier, consists of essays upon different subjects, partly moral and satirical, partly descriptive. These essays, though not laying claim to any great depth or originality, are sensible and well written, and contain the recollections, often amusing, and the reflections, generally just, of a man of letters who has seen a great deal of Parisian life under its varying aspects. To begin, however, with the novelist. The *Contes Parisiens* are five in number, unequal in length, unequal also in merit. One of them, "*La Soif d'Or, Conte Fantastique*," differs in character from the rest, and may, we think, be dismissed at once as a failure. It is a tale of magic, in which a young painter is induced to sell his youth and beauty, by instalments, to a mysterious old beggar-man, who, if not the devil himself, has at least accepted a general retainer from below to do mischief and tempt his fellow-creatures to their ruin. Monsieur Berthoud's "phantasy," however, is not deep or vivid enough to terrify himself with the images which it conjures up; and, therefore, he does not write in such a manner as to make the reader think that he believes his own story—a shortcoming fatal to tales of sorcery, especially of modern sorcery, which must produce their effect, if at all, by exciting and bewildering the imagination. Of the other tales, "*Le Secret de Femme*" is the first in order, but not, we think, the best. The hero, M. Raoul Guérac, forces himself into the society of, and finally marries, the beautiful widow whom he adores, by threatening to disclose a secret which affects her reputation—the secret being, that there exists between her and "a certain Mr. Gibson" an unexplained and inexplicable tie. Mr. Gibson, not to keep the reader in suspense, turns out to be a London dentist, who has replaced a broken tooth for Madame de Logel (a coquette of the most susceptible vanity, though of unimpeached virtue), and meets her in secret, from time to time, to inspect his workmanship. We must, of course, accept the morality of this amusing trifle, as we do the morality of a farce; and looking at the plot from that point of view, it is ingeniously constructed, and cleverly worked out. Mr. Gibson, of course, has to be painted in such colours as to make M. Guérac feel, in spite of what must now, we suppose, be called jealous "proclivities," that, whatever may be the nature of his hold upon Madame de Guérac, love can have nothing to do with it; and certainly Monsieur Berthoud lays them on with, what painters call, a rich brush. The following extract is a description of Mr. Gibson's appearance:—

He showed a pair of large shining whiskers, carried a gigantic umbrella, and wore a waistcoat of the most outrageous brilliancy; a gold chain hung down from his watch-pocket, a gold pin flamed on his neckcloth, gold sleeve buttons glittered at his wrists, and gold rings upon every one of his fingers. He perspired freely, as befits a gentleman at once short and stout, and mopped his face as he went with a pocket-handkerchief steeped in all the colours of the rainbow.

Such being his appearance, this is how he eats. Six dozen oysters and a bottle of sherry disappear in an instant; soups, fish, roasts, game, poultry, vegetables, entremets, pastry, cheese, and fruit are poured down his throat; and a bottle of Chateau-Margot, a bottle of Chambertin, a bottle of champagne, and a bottle of Lafitte, are sent in succession to join the bottle of sherry which had already given up the ghost. After this, we cannot but thank Monsieur Berthoud most heartily for having made this ogre, though he carries on his business in London, an American citizen by birth. It is something to escape such a fellow-countryman, even in print. And we can only hope, in return, that Madame de Logel's lovely mouth did not require frequent inspection, as we can fancy few things less agreeable to encounter than an American dentist let loose among your surviving teeth, in a fit of *delirium tremens*.

We do not know whether Monsieur Berthoud has ever tried his hand at a play. It strikes us that the merits of this little story, and perhaps still more of one or two of the others, are dramatic, rather than narrative. The situations are well con-

ceived, and the dialogue terse, pointed, and amusing. We need not add that these imaginary conversations are better than anything we usually find among English writers of the same class. The reader of Monsieur Berthoud is at least safe from the dismay which we all of us have experienced, when, on opening some gorgeously bound volume, in the hope of enjoying an idle hour, we light upon some such stuff as this. "Are you going to call upon the Jenkins?" said Louisa to Jane. "I had thought of doing so," replied the latter laying down her work; "I want to see Elizabeth; how lovely she looked at church on Sunday, in her blue bonnet, and her canary-coloured gown." Or, if we escape what such writers call the natural style, we find ourselves in company, first, with a hero who rivets the attention of his audience by pouring forth sonorous commonplaces about art, or German philosophy, or the hardships of neglected genius, with an implacable fluency which in real life would clear the room in a minute and a half; and then, with a heroine who soothes the jealous anger of the said fascinating platitudinarian by vowing that, if she had talked to the great Lord Tomnoddy more than a heroine should, it was not that she cared for him, but merely that "he had succeeded in arresting her attention by some spirited remarks about eloquence." To return, however, to the "*Secret de Femme*"—Guérac, after vainly endeavouring to conquer his passion by absence, imagines that a woman in the power of such a monster as Gibson must, when carefully watched, disclose some odious vices. As a last resource, therefore, he determines to cure his love by making her acquaintance; he accordingly forces himself upon her notice in the way we have mentioned. But her charms and attractions prove too strong for him. He can discover no faults, and in the end gains her affections. He then marries her, with the remembrance of the brute Gibson always rankling at the bottom of his heart, till one day he surprises them together again, and learns the truth, in the midst of a violent explosion of jealousy, by having a card thrust into his hand with this inscription upon it—

GIBSON'S INDESTRUCTIBLE TEETH,  
127 REGENT STREET,  
LONDON.

The catastrophe may easily be surmised. Passing on to the remainder of the volume, the "*Flacon d'Argent*," and "*Dans les Cendres*," are both of them worth reading. The former especially, in dramatic effect and neatness of execution, is, we think, superior to the "*Secret de Femme*"; but upon the whole the second story, called "*L'Auroch*," is the one which gives us the highest opinion of Monsieur Berthoud's powers. It is not a farce, like the "*Secret de Femme*," but a domestic tragedy of the most painful kind, the more so that it is said (we hope artistically) to be founded on fact. In a low eating-house were accustomed to meet together some thirty students. Among them, one nicknamed *L'Auroch* is thus described:—

A fellow six feet high, filthily dirty, smelling of tobacco and spirits—wearing the dingiest of trowsers, with a neckcloth twisted round his throat like a rope, an upper coat foul with stains—add to this a formidable pair of shoulders, large muscular hands covered with hair, and strong enough to break a poker, an enormous head, a face shrouded in a thick and neglected beard, &c. &c.

Under this rude and repulsive exterior, however, were concealed deep affections, and talents of a high order. A foundling picked up at the corner of the Rue de Reuilly, he had received the name of Jacques Reuilly, and had struggled, through countless difficulties and privations, up to manhood alone. The timidity of a broken spirit weighed him down with unconquerable dejection, so that he endured in silence the taunts of his companions, and was driven to solitary drinking in order to escape from thought. Accidental circumstances, however, reveal to Maxime, one of the company, the real beauty of his character, and they become fast friends. Accidental circumstances, again, enable him to save from starvation a beautiful orphan, called Margaret. With a friend to sympathize with, and a woman to love, *L'Auroch* becomes a new being, his bad habits are thrown aside at once, his various faculties are called into action, and prospects of happiness and success open out before him. Unfortunately, a mean and profligate scoundrel insults Margaret, and is chastised by her lover. Too cowardly to face so formidable an antagonist himself, he stimulates the vanity of a certain Horace Chapron, a kind of city Lovelace, to seduce Margaret. Chapron undertakes to do so. Bets are laid that he will not accomplish his object within a specified time. At the appointed hour Chapron, in the presence of Reuilly, who, after a long absence, has accidentally returned for that day only, insolently announces his success and claims the wager. The fierce passions of Reuilly are roused beyond control, he strikes Chapron to the earth, and is killed, in spite of the latter's half-repentance, in the duel which follows. On his death-bed he kills Margaret with his own hands, rather than leave her behind to wretchedness and vice; and the curtain falls upon a scene of unbroken gloom, the only consolation vouchsafed to the reader being that Prosper Chavassier, the vile instigator of the quarrel, is beaten by one of Reuilly's friends into all the colours of the rainbow. The whole story is full of interest; and the two scenes, in the first of which Chavassier artfully inflames the savage vanity of Chapron to undertake the seduction of Margaret, whilst in the second, the triumph of the ruffian is gradually announced to the unsuspecting Reuilly, indicate great dramatic power. It turns out that Margaret has been enticed by a profligate girl, under pretence of illness, into her apartment; and, when there, she foolishly consents to stay to supper. In spite of drinking nothing but wine

\* *Secret de Femme. Contes Parisiens.—Les Choses du Temps Présent.*  
Paris.

and water, she finds that this weak liquid has a peculiar taste, and ends by reducing her to a state of drunken insensibility. In this condition, we need not say to those who read French novels that she is immediately taken possession of by Chapron, in order that he may win his bet. In point of fact, that which does duty as water is kirschwasser, a spirit strong enough to take away the breath even of those who, according to Sir Walter Scott's euphemism, "are not in the habit of shunning wine." Surely M. Berthoud need not be told that this is great mistake. Something of the same kind occurs, if we recollect rightly, in the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, but even there the improbability meets us in a less violent form. And we feel that to be called upon to believe that a delicate young lady can sit drinking alcohol, diluted with wine, till she falls under the table, and yet only get near enough to the truth to find out that her infernal negus has a peculiar taste (peculiar, but not unpleasant, apparently), is an insult to common sense. It is certain that no well-regulated mind or palate could be imposed upon by so coarse a fraud; and we entreat M. Berthoud, in a future edition, to make Chapron, in the interest of the story, win his bet by some other method. Chloroform or laudanum may not be highly artistic, but they would be an improvement upon tumblers of kirschwasser tossed off as unconsciously as if they were filled with tea.

*Les Choses du Temps Present* is a book exactly keeping the promise which its title implies. It treats of everything by turns, of nothing long. Mons. Nodier is not enthusiastic about his contemporaries, but his satire is not alarmingly bitter. He writes like a gentleman of sense and education who is satisfied with himself and his position in life; and we take it that, in order to be a first-rate satirist, it is necessary to be a disappointed man, if God has not bestowed upon you originally a bad digestion, or an envious temper. The great characteristic of the book is good sense, though rather a narrow and cynical good sense. The philosophy is not very deep, nor the views of life very striking or original; but the style is lively, and the book, altogether, what may be called, light in hand. The subject about which he writes with the greatest earnestness is marriage. In his eyes, the French theory of marriage is responsible for the immorality of the young men, for the insipidity and extravagance of the young women, for the demi-monde, for crinoline, for tight stays, for God knows what. And it is to us that he points, as showing the good effects of an opposite system. We accept his encomiums with gratitude, though, whether he would not qualify them in some degree, if he came to consider the subject deeply in all its bearings, may be doubted. Like all Parisians, who manage to stumble upon people whom we never come across, he tells us stories of English women which astonish us not a little. For instance, some years ago he went with another Frenchman to visit a "countryman" (country-gentleman?) in Surrey. This "countryman's" lovely daughter instituted a flirtation with his young friend, and persuaded him to give her a ring which she admired—upon which, without more ado, everyone congratulated him on his approaching marriage, and he had to flee for his life. We recollect an account of some pursy militia-man, in a blazing uniform, being presented to Napoleon during the peace of Amiens—"Eh bien, Mons. Tonson, dans quel régiment êtes vous?" "Dans le régiment de Souri, votre altesse." "Dans le régiment des Souris," replied the First Consul, as he contemplated the unmilitary figure before him, with an eye full of mischievous fun—"Mon Dieu, un drôle de régiment que ça." We think this observation of Monsieur Thiers's demigod might be extended to the Amazons of that pleasant county, if the "Mees Arabella" in question could be supposed to be acting in accordance with their received ideas of discipline. But we think we can assure M. Nodier that she also, like the "Ellen" of the preceding page, must have belonged to the irregular troops. At any rate, we congratulate M. Nodier's friend on having escaped the "sourcière" which appears to have been set for him.

#### AN ITALIAN COMEDY OF TWELFTH NIGHT.\*

IN a little volume bearing the somewhat perplexing title of "*G'I Ingannati, &c., and Aelia Laelia Crispis*," Mr. Peacock has brought together two specimens of critical research and speculation, between which no substantial connexion would appear to be discoverable. It might be conjectured that, in examining the old Italian play from which the plot of Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night* seems to have been partially derived, the heroine's name, Lelia, has incidentally reminded him of the mysterious epitaph discovered at Bologna two centuries ago, on one that "was not man, nor woman, nor hermaphrodite," which many of our readers may have seen in Murray's *Handbook*, or in several repertoires of literary curiosities; and that the constantly-recurring association has irresistibly solicited him to attempt a "solution of this singular enigma." The interpretation to which he has been led is a likely one enough, but will prove rather too metaphysical to meet the anticipations of ingenious amateurs in these matters. The whole of this topic, however, may be considered as a casual note, from which we shall pass at once to the more important labour bestowed by Mr. Peacock on the resuscitation of a clever comedy, of which the design has been so fruitfully suggestive for the English drama. To give its due credit to this performance, we must quote some particulars of the careful inquisition that has been made for the play among

\* *G'I Ingannati, The Deceived; a Comedy performed at Siena in 1531; and Aelia Laelia Crispis.* By T. L. Peacock. London: Chapman & Hall, 1862.

Shakspearian commentators. The search was first suggested by Mr. Collier's discovery of a Diary among the Harleian MSS., dated January, 1600-1, to April, 1603, and kept, as it would appear, by a barrister, which includes various original anecdotes relative to Shakespeare, Spenser, Jonson, Raleigh, and other eminent men. From this date Mr. Collier has ascertained that *Twelfth Night*, of which the date has been often and vainly settled and unsettled, was performed as early as February, 1602, at one of the Inns of Court. On this point he cites the following entry, which leads us at once to the subject of Shakspeare's Italian models:—

At our feast we had a play called *Twelfth Night, or, What you Will*, much like the *Comedy of Errors*, or *Menechini* in Plautus, but most like and nearer to that in Italian called *Inganni* [Deceptions]. A good practice in it, to make the steward believe his widow was in love with him, by counterfaying a letter, as from his lady, in general terms, telling him what she liked best in him, and prescribing his gestures, inscribing his apparel, &c., and then, when he came to practise, making him believe they took him to be mad.

On this Mr. Collier remarked:—

Should the Italian comedy, called *Inganni*, turn up, we shall probably find in it the actual original of *Twelfth Night*, which it has been hitherto supposed was founded on the story of Apollonius and Silla in Barnabæ Riche's *Farewell to Military Profession*, twice printed in 1583 and 1606.—*Annals of the Stage*, &c., vol. i. p. 328.

The first-named work, about which some particulars may be seen in Knight's *Shakspeare*, would afford a very lame solution of the problem. Mr. Collier elsewhere tells us (*Further Particulars, &c.*) that he found the *Inganni*, only after a search of eight years, and that he perceived in its plot some resemblance to Shakspeare. But, in fact, this play bears no more resemblance to *Twelfth Night* than the latter does to the *Comedy of Errors*, or many other popular stories. This point is clearly settled by the abstract with which Mr. Peacock furnishes us. It is probable, however, that the diarist (who, as we have seen, evinces some negligence in referring to Olivia as a widow) has committed a further error in confounding *G'I Inganni* with another and earlier play called *G'I Ingannati*. The editor of Barnabæ Riche's *Farewell*, which has been reprinted by the Shakspeare Society, was aware of the existence of these two plays, but had not been able to get at them. Here a difficulty which occurs with respect to the *Ingannati* has been pointed out by Mr. Peacock, who enters into the history of these investigations with a thoroughness that we cannot fully represent here. This piece appears with the title of *Comedia del Sacrificio degli Intronati*. The *Intronati* (or Thunder-stricken) formed a kind of academy in Siena in the early part of the sixteenth century, who were bound together by some fantastic chivalrous professions, and distinguished themselves by various dramatic productions.

The *Sacrificio* (says Mr. Peacock) was a series of songs to music, in which various characters, who have suffered from the "pangs of despised love," renounce love; and each in succession sacrifices on an altar some gift or memorial of his unkind or faithless mistress. This prelude, which has no relation whatever to the comedy, being concluded, the comedy follows with its own proper title of *G'I Ingannati*. There are many editions of this comedy. The earliest of which I have yet found a record is of 1537. It is not probable that this was the first . . . Four of these are in the British Museum.

By the titles of several editions the comedy appears to have come upon the stage in Siena during the Carnival of the year 1531. The writer claims for himself the most perfect originality; and it is he probably that has been copied by the Italian novelist, Bandello, and his French translator Belleforest, who may have helped in transmitting to Shakspeare those elements in the story of which he has availed himself.

On all these points the research of Mr. Peacock has been commendable and fortunate; but we fear that he has been anticipated in his discoveries by another Shakspearian labourer who has escaped his observation. It is in the *Disquisition on Shakspeare's Tempest*, published by the Rev. Joseph Hunter in 1839, that we find the first symptoms of the right Italian comedy having been hunted up and carefully collated with Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night*. Mr. Hunter may have had his reasons for not furnishing the public with any copious particulars respecting this comedy; but that he has perused it in the spirit of a vigilant and acute observer will be clear from the following paragraph—in which "Manningham," it must be observed, represents the supposed author of the Diary noticed by Mr. Collier:—

Manningham, when he tells us that *Twelfth Night* was performed in the Middle Temple Hall, indulges in some conjectures respecting the origin of the plot, and sees in it some resemblance to the *Menechini* of Plautus; but he tells us that it resembles more nearly the Italian play called the *Inganni*. Now, there are more Italian plays than one called the *Inganni* [it is pity these are not specified] earlier than the time of Shakspeare; and to one of these Shakspeare appears to have owed some obligations. But in the search for the *Inganni* I met with a play called the *Ingannati*; and it was soon evident that it had been on this play, and not on any of the *Ingannis*, that Shakspeare founded the serious part of his *Twelfth Night*. I say founded, meaning only that he took from it the plot, and a few of the minor incidents; for the language and all the magnificent poetry of *Twelfth Night* are entirely his own. Everything respecting "Malvolio," except the name, which is the *Malevoli* of the Italian dramatist, is wholly his, and supplies the place of another under-plot in the Italian. The *Ingannati* was one of the plays of the *Intronati* of Siena; and a passage in *Guinguene* (p. 630, v. iii.), which has been pointed out to me, shows that it attained a popularity in many parts of Europe, and was translated into the French language. The play has this peculiarity, that it has a long introduction, and, besides this, a very long prologue. Now, in the prologue, the following passage is found; and I leave it to the reader to judge whether, in the absence of a better reason, it is not probable that the words which I have printed in italics caught the eye of Shakspeare when he was deliberating on the name to be given to his play, and determined him to the somewhat inapt choice which he has made. "La

Savida è nuova, non più per altri tempi vista nè letta, nè meno altronca savata che della loro industria zucca, onde si cavorno anche la *watte di Boffena* le sorti vostre, per le quali vi parve due gl' Intronati vi mordessero tanto in su quel fatto del dichiarar, e diceste, che gli havevan così mala lingua." ["The table is new; never before seen nor read, nor drawn from any other source than the industrious brains of the Academician of the Intronati; whence also they drew out the destinies of you (ladies) on that Twelfth Night when you found their wit so biting in that matter of the interpretation, and when you said they were such foul-tongued fellows.]

With the originality of these observations it was but just that we should credit the author of the *Dissolution*; but the important task of translating and editing the comedy has been reserved for Mr. Peacock, who has also filled up the stage-directions, &c., with some diligence and acuteness. He has, however, found it necessary to abbreviate or epitomize a great number of the original scenes. As to the particular elements for which *Twelfth Night* is indebted to the Siennese Academicians, they cannot be more succinctly and critically stated than in the preface of the volume before us:—

A girl assumes female apparel, and enters as a page into the service of a man, with whom she either previously is, or subsequently becomes in love. He employs her as a messenger to a lady, who will not listen to his suit. The lady falls in love with the supposed page; and under the influence of a mistake, marries the girl's twin brother. The lover transfers his affections to the damsel, who has served him in disguise.

These sentences contain finely distilled, but very sufficient, representation of the points of agreement between the Italian and English comedies. They furnish rudiments of a plot which are at first sight very meagre, but, nevertheless, comprise all the essentials of a good "complication." The original play includes some first-rate scenes of error and confusion, which were not preserved or imitated in the English one. Thus, for instance, the disguised page (Lelia) is pursued by two old men, to whom her secret has been betrayed by the nurse in whom she confided; one of this couple is her father, Virginio, and the other a suitor whom Virginio supports in his advances to her. They light upon her brother, who has been lost to his family since the sacking of Rome during his early childhood, accost him as a runaway damsel, and summon him to return to his home. Young Fabrizio naturally thinks they must be mad, while to them his replies seem animated with an effrontery most astounding in such a well-educated young lady. So they decide, on their parts also, that the child is mad; and at last Lelia's admirer, Gherardo, is induced to coax this "double" of hers into his house, where he is to be given into the most private custody of Gherardo's daughter. The latter (Isabella) is prepared to receive Fabrizio as the very page of whom she has been enamoured; and these two are left together to solve their destinies. Presently, the real Lelia turns up, and is accosted by old Gherardo as a runaway captive. Then the latter goes home, and finds that Fabrizio has been in mischief there. He suspects Virginio of having been privy to the affair, and is so provoked as to attempt his dear gossip's life. Happily, Messer Piero, the old tutor, who has all along accompanied Fabrizio, comes in at this conjuncture to explain who the young man is, and the latter is allowed to retain Isabella as his wife. This event pacifies Lelia's master (Flaminio), who had grown jealous of his page's intimacy with Isabella, and was bent on assassinating the traitor; so that that affair also is settled, as in the synopsis that we lately quoted. Perhaps Shakespeare's chief motive in remodelling the action so thoroughly as he has done, was the desire of investing the character and behaviour of the ladies with more of native delicacy and honour than the Italian dramatist had thought necessary. Thus the circumstances which prompted Viola's disguise have been made very different from those of Lelia. The latter appears, indeed, to have put on man's clothes for the express purpose of reclaiming or watching an early lover, who seemed to have forgotten her through the effects of temporary separation. She has been prompted to take this step by the nuns in Modena, among whom her father sometimes places her; and they tell her it is a very common course of action among her female fellow-citizens. Through the whole play she demeans herself with a species of levity and effrontery which would have been very far indeed from suiting—

— a wonder of this earth,  
Where there is little of transcendent worth,  
Like one of Shakespeare's women.

To such considerations our poet has, perhaps, sacrificed many capital elements of broad comedy in his original, which have been replaced by him with an entirely altered and materially elevated underplot. Furthermore, many incidents of the original play are treated with an Aristophanic licentiousness, which would have passed even the wide limits that the Elizabethan dramatists permitted themselves. This characteristic has been severely eliminated from the composition in the version of Mr. Peacock, which has been made decent and presentable at whatever sacrifice. Such curtailments as he required for this end could not but be somewhat injurious to the freedom, wit, and spirit of the Italian dialogue; but they have left us, on the whole, a miniature dramatic story which may be found striking and agreeable. He has, however, abbreviated some very innocent scenes on grounds which are quite unintelligible to us, by which course he presents the results in an over dry and abstract form to the reader *per diletto*, and also wastes many opportunities for displaying his own thorough scholarship by coping with the obscure details of the text. In a few points his process has even, it appears to us, thrown some obscurity on the particulars of the action, above all in what relates to a certain wager that is pending on the possible return of the lost son. Perhaps a potent habit of analysis,

or a strong aversion to all superfluous logevity in real life, has influenced our editor in his frequent reductions of scenes to summaries, which seem ready-made for the use of a reviewer rather than to be embodied in a translation of the *Inganni*. We quote one such summary which will give a general notion of the underplot, wherein the fun partly consists in a dialogue between Spanish and half Italian. The diction of the extract, as of the entire version, is terse and fluent in a very high degree:—

Giglio, who is in love with Isabella, and longs for an opportunity of speaking to her without witnesses, tries to cajole Pasquella [the housekeeper] into admitting him to the house, and promises her a rosary, with which he is to return in the evening. She does not intend to admit him, but thinks to trick him out of the rosary. He does not intend to give her the rosary, but thinks to delude her by the promise of it.

In conclusion, the volume before us will be a very satisfactory one for readers mainly interested in Shakspearian criticism. For the general reader, it ought to have been made somewhat more complete, though the task would have been a perplexing one in many parts. The original would not be generally presentable.

#### HISTORY OF GHENGIS KHAN.\*

**I**N fifteen or twenty pages, Gibbon has related, not only the exploits of Ghengis Khan, but the fortunes of his successors down to the division of the Mongol Empire after the death of Kublai. In order to fill a volume with the personal history of Ghengis, Mr. Abbott has had recourse to descriptions, somewhat lengthy, of Mongol manners and customs, and of the contrasts between their mode of warfare and our own. He has evidently wished to do nothing more than to give, in the plainest and simplest English, a vivid picture of that society which once spread terror and ruin from the coasts of China to the borders of the Baltic; and he has certainly succeeded in so doing. Throughout, he tells the story without affectation either of fine writing or of preaching, although he never conceals his belief that the rule of right and wrong applies as much to the inroads of Nomadic barbarians as to the crimes of European civilization. He gives the history in the form best suited for children, and has probably designed his book chiefly for young readers. To put before them the grounds on which we draw our conclusions on subjects of historical difficulty, is both impracticable and useless. We must speak to them as though our own historical belief was the true one—we must assume as right statements which we might support by argument and evidence before other judges. But, although it is wise to give them results rather than processes, we are scarcely justified in demanding their assent to our assertions on our own sole authority. If we tell them our story, we are at least bound to show them where they may find the means for forming their own judgment or correcting ours. Very possibly, the references may be to books which the children are not likely to come across for years—some of them perhaps never; yet to point out the sources of our own knowledge puts what we have to tell them on a basis of history, not of faith. We have no right to address ourselves to the latter, unless the subject is one free from all doubt and uncertainty; and the history of Ghengis Khan is certainly not one of these.

Mr. Abbott, in his preface, disclaims responsibility for the actual truth of his narrative, asserting only the honesty and fidelity with which he has compiled it from the best sources of information now within reach. But his book contains not one single reference; and the reader who takes it up, knowing nothing about Ghengis before, has nothing to do but to accept the whole on Mr. Abbott's authority, or to reject all or any of it on his own. Dr. Mommsen has done the same thing with his new reconstruction of Early Roman History, although he has not Mr. Abbott's excuse that he is dealing with a narrative whose main features there is very little reason for calling in question. But Mr. Abbott is dealing hard blow on the historical sense of his young readers when he tells them, honestly enough, that he has combined the accounts of the writers who have related, with some differences, the events following on the quarrel of Temujin (or Ghengis) and Wang Khan. There are many cases in which such a license may be justified, and very possibly this may be one of them; but it would have been easy to explain, even to the youngest child, where the line must be drawn. It would have been easy also, while mentioning that the Mongols were said to derive their name from Mongol Khan, to warn him that the existence of such eponyma must be received with extreme suspicion, and that the eponymus of the Ottoman Turks is one of the very few of whom we can really speak as an historical personage. Mr. Abbott relates as a fact the dream of Temujin, that his arms grew to an enormous length, and that he stretched out a sword in each hand toward East and West. (P. 64.) Even young child would be pleased to learn, and would gain something by learning, that similar omens of good and ill success have been drawn from dreams, and that the conquests of Cyrus and the failure of Xerxes were portended by visions which are as much or as little historical as those of Ghengis. He states it not less as an ascertained fact (p. 138) that Ghengis intended the government of the Mongols to be an elective monarchy. Probably in his constitution he accepted the precedents of former times; but at his death he certainly violated them. Mr. Abbott represents him as asking on his death-bed whether he who had established the empire might not reasonably determine the succession (p. 333); but he does not notice the inconsistency of this declaration with what he had ordained before. It is possible that the Calif of Bagdad, in his wish to make Ghengis his ally against

\* *History of Ghengis Khan.* By Jacob Abbott. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1860.

the Sultan of Kharasun, may have resorted to the device attributed to Hysticus and tattooed his letter on the head of a slave. (P. 231.) With Hysticus the stratagem seems to be a most superfluous piece of trickery; but the way in which he is said to have done it is at least intelligible. On the head of the calif's messenger it was done, we are told, with a needle and some indigo, in such a manner that it was concealed by his hair. We may safely affirm, however, that if the hair was not first cut off, the letter would have been tattooed to very little purpose. So, again, a few words seem needed to explain why Yemuka, the great enemy of Ghenghis, should take refuge with Tayian, who had lately more than connived at the death of Wang Khan, and why Tayinn, who by so doing had shown himself a partisan of Ghenghis, should, at and after the coming of Yemuka, show himself as decidedly his enemy. (P. 127, &c.) After the murder of the ambassadors at Otrar by order of Mohammed of Kharasun, Ghenghis, in Gibbon's narrative, fasted and prayed for three days and nights before he appealed to the judgment of the sword. Mr. Abbott does not say on what grounds he attributes the fast to simple sulkiness and passion. (P. 235.) When mentioning the selection of Karakorum by Ghenghis as his capital, he draws a brilliant picture of the magnificence of his court (p. 137). He tells us afterwards that, even subsequently to this, it was by no means a great and splendid city; that the houses were mere hovels, and even the palace of the king of very frail construction. (P. 151.)

Doubtless the life of the Mongols was a very monotonous one; and probably the times of war were scarcely less monotonous than the times of peace. Their battles may have presented as few points of difference as their pastimes. If so, there is the less need to dwell on them at any length; but they at least furnish matter to fill up a chapter, and Mr. Abbott cannot always resist the temptation. We read that the enemies came together "with an awful shock, the dreadful confusion and terror of which no person can describe. The air was filled with the most terrific outcries, in which yells of fury, shrieks of agony, and shouts of triumph were equally mingled. Some of the troops maintained their position through the shock and rode on, bearing down all before them. Others were overthrown and trampled in the dust," &c. Most of this applies scarcely more to one battle than to any other. The details of the fight at Marston are not altogether certain; but, whether true or false, they distinguish the battle from any other; and if they did not, they would not be worth the telling. The temptation to bookmaking is still more seen in a long discussion on the different ways of destroying animal life. (P. 154, &c.) The Mongols hunted wild beasts, and the sport was dangerous, with no better weapons than spears or arrows; and some pages are taken up with showing the advantages of rifled muskets. A great hunting or *battue* with which Ghenghis celebrated his victories, is described at a like unnecessary length (p. 318, &c.); and we have more than one account of the arrangements of Mongol tents, camps, and cities.

On the other hand, Mr. Abbott has given a faithful and forcible picture of the general character of Ghenghis, and of the savages by whose aid he built up an enormous and ill-cemented empire. He describes, in the simple statement of facts, a ferocity which never shrank from tricks and stratagems which, among civilized nations, would be branded as cowardly, and a barren acknowledgment of a single Maker of the World which went along with a systematic contempt for almost every one of His laws. By no nation has the work of destruction ever been more thoroughly carried out, and Mr. Abbott has well shown how the flood of conquest acquired fresh power and wider extent as its waves rolled onwards. The recent history of China has helped still more to explain the mystery. Mr. Abbott speaks of the Mongols as leaving behind them "only smoking heaps of ruins, with the miserable remnant of the population which they had spared wandering about the scene of desolation and despair." (P. 201.) The career of the Taipings has shown that the wretched victims themselves may be made to swell the numbers and add to the impetus of the destroying hordes. Mr. Abbott has in no way depreciated the religious toleration or indifference of Ghenghis; but he has not cared to maintain, with Gibbon, that his desecration of the mosque at Bokhara was a rare exception to his "respect for the pontiffs and prophets of the most hostile sects." Still less has he told us that a barren confession that the universe was made by one God constitutes a religion which "deserves our wonder and applause." The defender of Julian might have found something better to say of the faith and the morals of Ghenghis.

Mr. Abbott has produced a pleasant and instructive volume; but it would have been as well had he told his readers that the career of Ghenghis by no means carried the Mongol empire to its utmost limits, and that a long course of conquest, which was not repulsed till it reached the field of Lignitz, intervened before that disruption which, from his conclusion, might seem to the reader to have followed not long after the death of Ghenghis.

#### LOUVOIS.\*

THIS portion of the history of the life of Louvois, the great administrator and War Minister of Louis XIV., represents many years' labour and research on the part of M. Camille Rousset in the archives of the *Dépôt de la Guerre*. The correspondence of Louvois is there preserved, and the magnitude of its dimensions has, hitherto frightened away all investi-

gators. No less than nine hundred volumes of the letters of Louvois and his correspondents are preserved in that repository, commencing with the year 1661 and ending with 1691. M. Rousset congratulates himself that the years he has spent in examining this vast collection have been the happiest of his life and the fullest of intellectual enjoyment. The satisfaction with which he is thus able to look back on the time spent in research evidently proves that M. Rousset has a natural endowment for this kind of labour. It will be seen that he even rises to enthusiasm on casting a retrospective view on the days spent at the *Dépôt de la Guerre*:

Nous un commerce intime et de tête à tête avec les plus grands hommes d'un grand siècle ; tenir entre ses mains les lettres originales de Louis XIV., de Louvois, de Turenne, de Condé, de Vauban, de Luxembourg, et de tant d'autres, dont l'écriture semble encore fraîche, comme si elle était tracée d'hier ; dénicher sans peine tous les secrets de la politique et de la guerre ; assister à la conception et à l'élosion des événements ; surprendre l'histoire, pour ainsi dire, à l'état natif, quelle plus heureuse fortune et quelle plus grande joie ! Je vivais au sein même de la vérité ; j'en étais inondé, pénétré, enviré. Mais aujourd'hui, je le dis sincèrement, ma joie est mêlée d'une grande inquiétude ; cette vérité historique dont j'ai su la révélation première, ai-je bien la force et le talent qu'il faut pour la communiquer ? C'était moi venu la force et le talent qu'il faut pour la communiquer ? C'était moi ne souffrirai et ne se plairai de leur insuffisance.

With respect to the manner in which M. Rousset has quitted himself of his task—and as to which the last phrases we have quoted, show some anxiety—we imagine him by this time to be somewhat reassured. His volumes have been most favourably received by some of the best critics of history in France, have received the prize of the year from the Académie Française, and doubtless form a contribution to history of very great value. Yet readers at large will for the most part be disappointed if they have recourse to its pages—the work being one of those special handlings of history which characterize the present age. The interest of it can only be thoroughly appreciated by one who is a more than ordinary historical student. The history of Louvois, his operations and influence, though it takes up a large part of the story of the reign of Louis XIV., does not occupy the whole of it, nor is it the most attractive portion; and the intricacy of detail into which the present narrative runs requires, in order to be comprehended, a much larger acquaintance with the reign of Louis XIV. than its pages afford. Nor, even with this knowledge, is it every one who can be lifted to the height of enthusiasm which M. Rousset feels at being allowed the opportunity of perusing the business letters even of such men as Louis XIV., Louvois, Turenne, or Condé. Doubtless many opportunities are offered by their publication of verifying, modifying, or re-constructing conceptions of character; but such a degree of refinement of historic taste is the privilege of few, and this work must consequently be looked upon more as a contribution to history for those who know how to make use of it than as a book of popular interest. The merit of the work in the former aspect is, however, undeniable, and it will be neglected by no future historian of the reign of Louis XIV. It is, moreover, compiled in strict accordance with what must be considered as the distinctive fashion of the historic literature of the present time—the scrupulous investigation of original documents. If Europe possesses no super-eminent historian whose narrative will descend to remotest posterity as a marvel of style and excellence, yet at least it may be said that in the conscientious and indefatigable search after historic truth this generation is unsurpassed, and the critical spirit of history was never represented in such multiplicity as at present. Doubtless, much that is now considered new and important will in the course of time sink again in obscurity. It is the natural failing of all explorers to overrate the value of their discoveries, and in historic research the mind is apt especially to lose itself among the cryptic labyrinths of the past, and to fancy that every stone found there is a jewel of priceless value. But the lapse of years will soon separate the essential from the non-essential, make harmless the paradoxes which have exasperated some, and reduce to nothingness the phantasmagoric brilliance which has bewildered others; and this age will then be appreciated as one which more than any other has explored, sifted, and accumulated those materials which must ever be the foundation of all real history.

We do not discover that these volumes alter in any way the preconceived notions of Louvois's character. He still remains the Louvois such as history has already pourtrayed him—of inflexible ferocity, indefatigable activity, boundless arrogance, and astonishing presumption in the very teeth of the Olympian aspect of Louis XIV. himself. He is still the Louvois who twice ordered the devastation of the Palatinat with fire and sword, the author and designer of the *Dragonnades*, and the counsellor of the burning of Trèves. That which these pages do put forth in a clearer light is the great ability and energy which he carried into every part of his military administration, his remarkable capacity for designing a campaign and superintending its execution, and the share which he had in recognising the merit, and in facilitating the advance of some of the great generals who served France at that period.

One who knew Louvois described him as "*le plus grand commis, et le plus grand brutal qu'on puisse voir.*" However true this latter part of the characterization may be, the former is a mistake. Louvois was anything but a *commis*, and the very incident which ultimately drew down his dismissal by Louis XIV., from which dismissal resulted a mortification so deep as to cause his death, proves with what audacity he was accustomed to take the initiative in matters of the most serious import; and it was even reported that he spoke of the ingratitude of Louis XIV. as that of

\* *Histoire de Louvois et de son Administration Politique et Militaire, jusqu'à la Paix de Nijmegen.* Par Camille Rousset, Professeur d'Histoire au Lycée Bonaparte. Tomes I. and II. Paris: Diéter. 1862.

a man "qui me doit tout ce qu'il est." At any rate, these pages give abundant proof that Louvois had very little of the spirit of a *commis* about him.

One of the great merits of Louvois towards the France of the old régime was the organization of the French army—an organization which existed nearly as he fashioned it up to the Revolution. As early as 1662—when, at the age of twenty-one, he was associated with his father, Le Tellier, in the office of Secretary of State—the vices of the military system of France had not escaped his penetration; and immediately after the termination of the war of the "*dévolution*" by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle he set to work to reform it. The state of anarchy which then existed among the military authorities, and the entire absence of all order and discipline, with the jealousy which the various corps and classes entertained against each other, was such that it was impossible, unless the general was one of commanding character, rank, and genius, even to get the troops to act together at all; and the vice of organization was such that the effective strength of an army could never be accurately tested or appreciated. The whole army belonged neither to the King nor to the State, but was parcelled out as the property of its various officers, some of whom held their rank by presentation, and some by purchase. Thus a regiment was as much a possession as a field or a windmill. On any new augmentation of troops, the Secretary of State issued commissions, in the name of the King, to raise regiments, and these commissions became titles of property in the hands of the officers. The colonels and captains sold the inferior grades under themselves just as they pleased, and, when the regiments were supposed to be filled up, received the money to pay the soldiers, subject to an illusory right of supervision on the part of the Government. The consequence was, that the officers constantly escaped from the *ennui* of their garrison towns to the pleasures of Paris, and spent the money due to their troops in a course of dissipation; while the soldier, badly armed, badly dressed, and miserably fed, had no resource but pillage, theft, or desertion to sustain existence. One of the most amusing of the deceptions practised upon the Government was that of the *passe-volants*—a motley tribe, composed of officers, servants, sutlers, and camp-followers, who passed from troop to troop on review days, figuring as soldiers of different divisions of the army, one after another, while sometimes the colonels of different regiments lent each other on parade occasions sufficient troops to make a good appearance. These deceptions were rendered all the easier since no uniform was then in use for the soldiers, and they dressed as they pleased. Louvois was the first to establish, for many patent reasons, a system of regimental uniform, and it is curious to observe, in these days of Armstrongs and Whitworths, that the battle was then going on between the old and new, in the shape of matchlocks and flint and steel muskets, and that it took twenty-five years for the flint and steel to make good its supremacy over the matchlock. The victory was only finally attained by the former, when Vauban contrived to combine it with the bayonet, and thus displaced the ancient pike. The bayonet, in the shape of a blade to insert in the mouth of the musket, had, indeed, existed before; but Vauban was the first who bethought him of fixing the bayonet around the barrel of the musket, so that its fire might still be continued.

The portions of correspondence of Condé, Turenne, Vauban, Luxembourg, and Vivonne, here contained, afford ample opportunities of making further acquaintance with their various characters. Out of this ordeal Turenne and Vauban come with manifest superiority; but Luxembourg stands convicted by his own words as one of the most unprincipled, pitiless, and shameless cynics and courtiers who ever served a despotic monarch or commanded an army. Yet, servile as he was in prosperity, and insolent in adversity, we cannot have the satisfaction of despising a man of such undoubted military genius and consummate bravery. The most execrable light in which he appears is in his bearing towards the inhabitants of the country in which he was making war. Nothing, perhaps, affords greater testimony of the advance of civilization than the amelioration of the laws of war in this respect. During the Italian war of 1859, two immense hostile armies passed over one of the richest plains in the world without leaving any trace except in the actual fields of battle; but in the period which succeeded the Thirty Years' War, the inhabitants of a conquered country were perhaps even worse off than they were before, for a sort of tacit international consent gave legal sanction to a certain amount of spoliation and violence. Wherever an army was established in an enemy's country, not only were towns and villages in its immediate neighbourhood made subject to heavy taxes, but as far as ever its marauding bands dared to venture, the circle of rapine was extended, under the name of contributions, and on refusal villages and houses were given up to pillage and fire. Such was the general practice. The humanity of leaders like Turenne or Vauban might modify this in a great measure; but we find such natures as Luxembourg, Louvois, and his subordinates exulting over the misery they had caused. Such a letter as the following, written by Luxembourg, we might imagine to have come from Des Arrêts, or Montluc, or one of the half-savage chiefs of the Huguenot or Catholic party of the days of Henry III., and not from a *grand seigneur* of the polished reign of Louis XIV.:—

J'envoyai, il y a trois jours, M. de Maqueline pour châtier des paysans qui avoient tiré sur un de nos partis; il ne les trouva pas assemblés, et ainsi il fut contraint de brûler seulement leur village; et comme ce fut la nuit qu'il y arriva, et que les maisons de ce pays sont fort combustibles, il est vrai que rien ne s'est sauvé de ce qui étoit dedans, chevaux, vaches, etc., à ce qu'on dit, assez de paysans, femmes et petits enfants. La nuit passée, Mélac a été

dans de petits bateaux au village de Verden, qui est un lieu où les paysans se tenoient en grande sûreté; il y a brûlé cinq générées et plus, de cinquante bestiaux, aussi bien que les gens du logis.

We may remark that the revelations here contained remove much of the blame usually ascribed to Turenne for his share in the laying waste of the Palatinate, which proceeding, however, was mercy itself compared with the second devastation, which took place under the express commands of Louvois.

These volumes embrace but that portion of Louvois's career which concludes with the peace of Nimwegen. The succeeding volumes will deal with that period in which he stands as most culpably condemned in the eyes of history.

#### PETER CARTWRIGHT.\*

THIS is a book which we may describe, in the language of the land it comes from, as being nearly "all clear grit." Sam Slick would allow that the author was "ginger to the back-bone." The portions of it which relate to the disruption of the "Methodist Episcopal Church," of which the autobiographist before us was a minister, will not have the universal interest which the larger residue of personal traits and individual anecdotes will inspire. Yet, even in the treatment of these thorny questions, there is a manly grasp of an intelligible view which saves us from a great deal of the soul-vexing pettiness of sectarian controversy. We think that, as regards the separation in the Wesleyan body, the author was certainly wrong, and that the line of demarcation drawn in the Methodist Society by the attractive or repulsive interests of slavery was the only practicable solution of the question. Apostolic precedent and common sense equally join to point the moral that where "contention" is thus "sharp," charity and peace, no less than edification and usefulness, demand a "parting asunder." This the "Methodist Episcopal" body agreed, after much tumultuous discord, to do; and if estrangement has ensued between those who were as brethren before, it is probably due to the fact, not that they parted when they did, but that they continued so long in dissembled antipathy under the guise of union. The chafing of the yoke which galled them both has left a mutual soreness, and the only cure is time, and full occupation, each in their separate field, without the chance of renewed contact and revived friction. The staple of the volume before us lies, however, mostly clear of these thorns, which we only allude to because of the strong light thrown by recent events on all questions turning on the mutual repulsiveness of the two great sections of the dismembered "Union."

Peter Cartwright, whose personal exploits, spiritual and physical, in the volume are its main ingredients, boasts of being "one among the oldest Methodist travelling preachers west of the mountains." He adds:—

I have outlived every member of my father's family. . . . I have outlived every member of the class I joined in 1800; I have outlived every member of the Western Conference in 1804, save one or two; I have outlived every member of the first General Conference that I was elected to, in Baltimore, in 1816, save five or six; I have outlived all my early bishops; I have outlived every presiding elder that I ever had when on circuits; and I have outlived hundreds and thousands of my contemporary ministers and members, as well as juniors, and still linger on these mortal shores.

In this life, which has seen so many younger men out of the field, there has been no careful husbanding of powers, no reservation of effort, where others rushed in to break prematurely down. The man seems to have carried his life in his hand, as truly as ever did an apostle among barbarians, roughing and risking everything, and sticking at nothing in the shape of personal hazard to accomplish the work of his mission. With a vigour that ever squandered itself lavishly upon the path of duty, and yet seemed ever to pour more fully and freshly after toil, he was to be found at any time for the last half century—beating the backwoods for spiritual game, or turning a fisher of men at the creeks, fords, swamps, and ferries, ruffling it with whisky-drinking border-rowdies who came boasting that they would break up "meeting," but returned either sobered and saddened by Cartwright's powers of fisticuff, shamed and galled by his ready and rugged wit, or penitent and professing conversion through his spiritual eloquence. Nor was our hero—for such he would have been "to his very valet," but that he never had one—less ready to flout controversially any whom he found poaching his own spiritual covers. "Shakers" appear to have grieved his soul much; they threatened him with fire from heaven as well as from somewhere else. They once, he says, "pretended to seal my damnation. But nothing daunted, for I knew in whom I had believed, I threw my appointments in the midst of them, and proclaimed to listening thousands the more sure word of prophecy," till "the very foundations of every Shaker present were shaken from under him." "Universalists" drove nails in his cross, though not in his coffin. One of these attempted the tricks of Simon Magus of old—had dreams, visions, trances, or would swoon away into the invisible world, have a few words with an angel, and then resume the functions of mortality. One Sunday night, this impostor flashed off a quantity of gunpowder with his cigar on the stump of a big tree, and fell to the earth beside it in order to lie till he was picked up, which was not long. He had had, it was then discovered, "a message from God to us Methodists"—an angel had appeared to him in a flash of light. Cartwright, sniffing the powder newly

\* Autobiography of Peter Cartwright, the Backwoods Preacher, &c. &c. Edited by W. S. Strickland. Reprinted from the last American Edition. Seventh Thousand. London: Hall, Virtue, & Co. 1862.

burnt, and picking up the end of the cigar, immediately pointed out, with much address and with grotesque effect, the "brimstone" quality of the alleged heavenly visitant, and put it very bluntly that the angel, if so he were, was no better than he should be. So, by this weak device of an explosion, the Universalist enemy only "blasted" his own reputation, without singing a hair of the prophetic mantle of the redoubtable Peter. Here is an even more extraordinary example of illusion, showing that such pretenders are not all hypocrites, but give proof of their sincerity which makes their absurdity border closely on the terrible. One of these preachers

worked himself up into the belief that he would live so holy in this life, that his animal nature would become immortal, and that he would never die; and he conceived that he had gained this immortality and could live without eating. In despite of all the arguments and persuasions of his friends he refused to eat or drink. *He stood it sixteen days and nights, and then died a suicidal death.*

The Baptists, too, especially that "Campbellite" faction (so called from their ringleader), from whom so many recruits came to Mormonism, were thorns in the sides of our pioneering Boanerges. He is particularly sore about the Baptists and their water-decoy, whereby, it seems, promising converts, who had danced most hopefully to his piping, were intercepted, and whisked off, like ducklings hatched by a hen, into some pond or tank, to the discomfiture of the quasi-parent bird.

And, indeed, they made so much ado about baptism by immersion, that the uninformed would suppose that heaven was an island, and there was no way to get there but by *diving or swimming.*

Ruffians armed with bludgeons and whisky bottles were often about the path of the Christian warrior, but he was "good at need." He cared not a rush whether he did battle in the body or in the spirit, and may claim to be the oldest extant Wesleyan of his period, as well as one of the earliest muscular Christians. A novel mode of spiritual exercise in vogue among the more advanced members appears to be called "the jerks," and to become, under certain circumstances of physical emotion common to camp meetings, violently epidemical amongst all present. "The jerks" had become a characteristic of a particular meeting at which Cartwright was preaching on a great "revival" occasion in Kentucky. There was a joint attack of Predestinarians to worry his sheep—there was also a popular demonstration of rowdyism. The "jerks" took hold on all alike; they were no more resistible than sympathetic yawning, or sneezing, or hiccups. "Those who came," whether to "scold" or "pray," remained to "jerk."

Just in the midst of our controversies on the subject of the powerful exercises among the people under preaching, a new exercise broke out among us, called the *jerks*, which was overwhelming in its effects upon the bodies and minds of the people. No matter whether they were saints or sinners, they would be taken under a warm song or sermon, and seized with a convulsive jerking all over, which they could not by any possibility avoid, and the more they resisted the more they jerked. . . . I have seen more than five hundred persons jerking at one time in my large congregations. Most usually persons taken with the jerks, to obtain relief, as they said, would rise up and dance. Some would run, but could not get away. Some would resist. On such the jerks were generally very severe.

Two fashionable young ladies had come to hear this Spurgeon of the backwoods. There was weeping and shouting and all the full torrent of rant and uproar, when the young ladies "took the jerks." Their brothers, "armed with loaded horsewhips," not liking this callisthenic exercise for their sisters, swore they would exorcise the jerks from them by thrashing Cartwright. On this, acting on his principle of taking the bull by the horns, he went out to expostulate with them. They alleged that the phial—a small one, containing peppermint, carried by the pastor, not to start emotions in others but to restrain his own—which he had been seen to use during sermon, and which, they were sure, had produced the unladylike effects, was still about him as proof positive of his guilt:—

As quick as thought it came into my mind how I could get clear of my whipping, and jerking out the peppermint phial, said, "Yes; if I gave your sisters the jerks I'll give them to you." In a moment I saw he was scared. I moved toward him; he backed, I advanced, and he wheeled and ran.

The greater part of the early part of the book is full of these good stories—they are "as thick as leaves in Vallambrosa." Are they true? is another question. We cannot think our Peter is anything else than a man of truth in the main; but in p. 231, in chap. xxxii. we are somewhat startled out of our good faith by finding a well-known controversial anecdote which has been bandied about against the Materialists probably for a century or more, told gravely as having occurred in actual collision of wits, between Peter and an "infidel doctor." More concisely than there told, it stands thus:—"Did you ever see a soul?" did you ever taste, smell, &c., a soul?" These questions, having been all answered in the negative, are followed by "Did you ever *feel* a soul?" answered in the affirmative. "Four to one," exclaims the sceptic, "against the soul's existence then." Every one remembers the *reductio ad absurdum*, by showing that it is equally four to one against the reality of pain. A whole chapter is allotted to the expansion of this anecdote into a story, pinned upon a certain Dr.—in West Tennessee. As we read this, we suddenly contract the dimensions of our moral swallow, and find, or suspect, sundry "camels" in the pleasant frothy stimulant offered by our autobiographer. Yet perhaps this may be the simple error, in good faith, of a man who has led such a wild, tumultuous life of effort without and emotions within, that experiences blend with hearsay, and he tells off the images on the retina of memory without questioning the source of the impressions, but assuming, as he has really been an extra-

dinary man, that whatever he finds extraordinary among his reminiscences happened to himself. Take this, reader, as you will, Peter cannot be an ideal. He is among preachers what Falstaff is among wags, but he has the advantage of reality. The grand rugged outline of the man is noble, the attitudes of his mind are free and lofty, even when his style is familiar, or slightly ruffles a fastidious taste. An ounce of Peter out of the pulpit is worth most men's pound; in it, we verily believe a grain of him would outweigh a host. Take him at his worst, and few men's single best could match him; take him at his best, and you will find him a potent incorporation of Martin Luther, Whitfield (barring Calvinism), Samuel Johnson (*minus* the learning), and Rowland Hill. The most valuable part of the book, apart from the author's personal figure on the canvas, is the clear broad view it gives of the groaning and wallowing spirituality of "revivalism." Cartwright rebukes some of the excesses to which these extatists went, but inconsistently; for he poked the fire first, and then seems to seek to stifle the flame. Sinners are stricken down in ranks, as by a discharge of grape-shot. You may "look for them in twenty minutes," as was once said by a doughty champion, neat at dropping his man, "and there you'll find them still." More fall anon, and yell, and rave, and the scenes described remind us of a certain "camp meeting" once held on Mount Carmel. It is probable that any theology whatever, whether Mahomedan, Jewish, or Mormon, so there were but plenty of damnation in it, would produce much the same effect. Other doctrines are mere neutral diluents—this it is which is the real grinning gas. This is the nitre of the whole compound, and Peter Cartwright has, we fancy, sprinkled enough of this "salt" to keep his memory "sweet." We only ask one question in conclusion—is the book a plundered reprint or not? It has much of the look of a piratical craft about it—thoroughly cheap and nasty as regards its type and page. We should like to have this question fairly answered; but, however it be answered, the book may possibly have a great run.

#### BURN'S HISTORY OF PARISH REGISTERS.\*

IT is somewhat surprising that so curious and amusing a book as this should have been published three and thirty years without going into a second edition. For not only is it the best authority on its subject, but, independently of its direct historical value, it is full of the most out-of-the-way information, and of the most entertaining pictures of ancient men and manners. We shall concern ourselves chiefly with the latter. It is useful enough to know where to refer for the main facts as to the registering of births, deaths, and marriages, before the recent Acts came into operation; and we may do Mr. Burn the justice to add that to his labours we probably owe, in part, the present improved system of registration. But the curious extracts here collected from the numerous ancient registers which he has examined are far more interesting than the dry law of the subject. No such pleasure as these extracts afford us is reserved for our posterity. Future generations will find nothing but the barest statistical facts in the registers of our own times. A judge of assize, on a recent occasion, reproved a clergyman for inserting in his parochial register some superfluous particular for which no proper column was provided in the authorized form. On the other hand, one great part of the charm of the ancient registers is, that we may so often discover in the various entries the idiosyncrasy of the registrar. The worthy parish priest generally took care to chronicle what he pleased, and to do it in his own way. Very often he would revenge a private grudge in his register, and embalm the moral shortcomings of some parishioner in a neat Latin entry. Or, according to his own tastes, he would make a record of whatever struck him most in the events of the neighbourhood. The ripe scholar, the affected pedant, the theologian, and the busy-body, all draw their own portraits in some of these registers. Many of the most trifling entries have now no small historical value attaching to them; almost all of them possess the deepest interest, not only for the antiquary, but for the philosophical observer of manners and social changes. If Mr. Burn would only have digested the numerous extracts which he gives, his book would have had a great additional value. As it is, the reader finds continually something new and instructive; but the task of drawing any inferences from the facts is left by the author to his ingenuity.

Speaking of the antiquity of formal parish registers in England, Mr. Burn, correcting the common opinion, tells us that they date only from an injunction of the Vicar-General Thomas, Lord Cromwell, in the year 1538. It is not necessary here to trace the various Acts of Parliament which have been passed respecting registration until the final measure of 1836. Mr. Burn next describes the causes, political or accidental, of the imperfect condition of the greater part of the ancient registers. Here we come to a very amusing entry, which we may commend to the notice of the clergy of those rural parishes in which, as is often the case, two or three common names will exhaust nearly the whole population:—

*Tunstall, Kent.* In this parish there were many of the name of Pottman; the clergyman seems to have been tired of recording them, and thus resolves:—

\* *The History of Parish Registers in England; also of the Registers of Scotland, Ireland, the East and West Indies, the Dissenters, and the Episcopal Chapels in and about London, &c. &c.* Second Edition. By John Southerton Burn, Esq. London: J. R. Smith. 1862.

1557 Mary Pottman, nat. and bapt. 15 Apr.  
Mary Pottman, n. and b. 29 Jun.  
Mary Pottman, Sep. 22 Aug. 1567.

From henceforward I omit the Pottmans.

Barkstone, in Leicestershire, had a much more scrupulous vicar, who has left us this curious entry:—“1589 Ellen, the Daughter of Bryan and Ellen Dun, was baptized April 20. Lord pardon me if I am guilty of any error in registering Ellen Dun's name.” Mr. Neeham, parson of Rotherby, has the credit of the following specimen of the spasmodic style:—“1643 Bellum! 1644 Bellum! 1645 Bellum! Interruption! Persecution! Sequestration by John Musson Yeoman and John Yates Taylor! 1649, 1650, 1651, 1652, 1653, 1654 Sequestration! Thomas Silverwood, Intruder.” In 1653 we find one Thomas Broughton, Curate of Bishop Wearmouth, recording a Latin communion, in the style of the old monastic scribes, against any who should alter his entries. “Si quis hunc librum mutilare vel in ulla parte vel nomen aliquod delere, aut in falsum immutare audeat, pro sacrilegio habeatur.” In the same year, the register of Houghton-le-Spring exhibits a rather mysteriously worded warning in English:—

Let no man whatsoever presume to scribble, blot out, or tear out, any part of the leaves of this Register Book, as they will be answerable for such their great presumption and folly unto the gent and fower and twenty of the said parish.

Compare with this the practical advice of Job Yate, Rector of Rodmorton, Gloucestershire, in 1630:—

If you will have this Book last, bee sure to aire it att the fier or in the sunne three or four times a year—else it will grow dankish and rot, therefore look to it. It will not bee amisse when you find it dankish to wipe over the leaves with a dry wollen cloth. This Place is very much subject to dankishness, therefore I say look to it.

We have to notice by the way an unusual number of errors of the press in the volume before us. Sometimes the figures of dates are obviously wrong; and it is by no means easy to correct them. We are often obliged, moreover, to doubt the spelling of the Latin extracts, and a still worse hash is made of the Greek. Here, for instance, is Mr. Burn's transcript of a sentence in the first volume of the Birchington Registers, dated 1553, recording the destruction of a second volume by an imbecile woman:—“Secundis inde liber p. una fatid (sic) muliere erat destrukt.”

There are many entries of course, in which is noticed the interruption caused by the Civil War, and by the appointment of lay-registrars by Act of Parliament. In some cases, however, the ejected clergy continued to keep their own registers. In one place, Helton, in Dorsetshire, there is the following ill-written memorandum by one of the intruded ministers, a Mr. Snode. In compliment to the gentlemen who have been celebrating the Bicentenary of the ejection of the nonconforming intruders, we will quote this specimen of the composition of one of the worthies whom they delight to honour. What must the sermons have been of this lucid thinker and writer!

1649. At my first coming to this place about this time ther war som married, that livid in the parish, others buried, and especially more that had their children baptized, partly in contempt, and by reason of ignorance and wilfulness against me refusing to be examined, of the poorer sort, and whereof som ar living, others ar dead, the which if they should live, they would be made uncapable of any earthly inheritance. This I note for the satisfaction of any that do. And so I left it in the clark's liberty.

WILLIAM SNODE.

The early registers were ordinarily written in Latin; but the miscellaneous memoranda were often entered in French, Greek, and even in short-hand. Mr. Richard Kilbie, “Minister of All-hallows in Darbie,” was a man of some common-sense, if we may judge from his memorandum of May 16, 1610: “I see no reason why a register for English people should be written in Latin.” However, for many years afterwards the entries of that parish are still in Latin. The register of Cherry Hinton, near Cambridge, has a Latin couplet prefixed, which betrays the hand of an academic from the neighbouring University:—

Hic puer statem, hic vir sponsalia noscat,  
Hic decessorum funera quiske sciatis.

Proceeding to describe baptismal registers specifically, Mr. Burn discourses pleasantly enough about names, but not without some obvious mistakes. For instance, he derives the name of Seymour from De Mora, instead of from the Benedictine worthy, St. Maur. In the sixteenth century he tells us that it was not uncommon for several children in the same family to bear the same Christian name. A will of John Parnell, in 1545, divides his goods between “old John, my son,” and “young John, my son;” and one Barker had three sons living named John, and two daughters named Margaret. Two foundlings picked up in the street in the parish of St. Gregory-by-St. Paul's, in 1629, were unkindly named Moyses and Aaron; and at Landbeach, in 1595, the baptism of an unfortunate child was thus recorded:—“Joane, whom we may call Yorkkooppe, because she was the bastarde daughter, as it is commonly reported, of one John York and Ann Cooper.” Some of the entries recording the baptism of illegitimate children are most curious and amusing, but few of them would bear quotation. In the seventeenth century, astrological particulars are not uncommon in the registries of births. The strangest name for a girl which we find among these extracts is Honeylove, registered in the parish of St. Alkmund, Derby, in 1712. Damaris, a Scriptural name, occurs in a Sussex entry. Mr. Burn, in quoting the entry of the baptism of Sir Isaac Newton, which took place after his father's death, calls it, strangely enough, “the posthumous baptism of Sir Isaac.”

The registers of burials often afford the most strange and whim-

sional particulars. Here is an entry from Buxted, Sussex, in 1666:—“Richard Bassett, the old clark of this parish, who had continued in the offices of clark and sexton for the space of 43 years, whose melody warbled forth as if he had been thumped on the back with a stone, was buried the 20th of September, 1666.” Is this the origin of a well-known living musician's description of what is called Gregorian music? There is many a grim joke perpetuated in the registers of burials. Thus, at Safron Walden, we find the “oulde girl from the workhouse;” at Cheshunt, “Old Half-head” and “Barberry, an old maid;” at Esher, “Bacchus, alias Hogtub, alias Fat Jack, alias John;” at Newington Butte, “Richd. Budds, alias Whistling Dick;” and elsewhere “Mother Gammon,” “Tipling Tomlinson,” and the like. In St. Giles's, Cripplegate, a tradesman dealing in *aqua vitae* is described as “an acqavinty man.” At St. Andrew's, Newcastle, were buried on August 21, 1650, thirteen persons, “partes”—they are called in the entry, who were executed all on the same day, as witches. In the same town, in 1627, a woman whose business it was to lay out the dead, was described at her own burial in racy north country speech, as “Margrat the grave-wife.” In 1632, at Lichfield, it was still sufficiently rare to be expressly noticed that a person was buried “with a coffin.”

In his next chapter Mr. Burn enters at length upon the question of the “lawless churches” in London and its neighbourhood, in which clandestine marriages were solemnized before Lord Hardwick's Act in 1573. Here is a specimen of a Fleet Register—“September 11th, 1745, Edw<sup>th</sup> — and Elizab<sup>th</sup> — were married, and would not let me know their names, yr man said he was a weaver and lived in Bandyng Walk in the Borough.—Pr. E. Ashwell.” In other entries the officiating minister records that the parties married “were so vile as to ask for a certificate to be antedated;” and in one place he adds the memorandum, “Had a noise of four hours about the money.” At Seasalter, in Kent, one Mr. Patten, an eccentric person, who is described in Grose's *Olio*, used to enter marriages in some such indecent style as this—“John Housden, widower, a gape-mouthed, lazy fellow, and Hannah Mattheus, hot-upon't, an old toothless, wriggling hag, were tramell'd by license at the Cathedral, Seasalter, June 6, 1744. A Caspian bowl of well-acidulated glimigrim!” Still more curious are the extracts collected under the head of “Miscellaneous Contents of Parish Registers.” Here are the grotesque names by which the plague is described at Loughborough, something like the list of drinks at an American bar—“1551, June. The Swat, called New Acquaintance, alias Stoupe, Knave, and Know thy Master, began the 24th of this month.” A Leicestershire parson, or clerk, thus vents his spleen on an unfortunate parishioner in 1638—“Mary Snelson is stark nought, stinking nought. Blot not this not.” “God's hand sore in pox,” is an entry by the Vicar of Beverley in October 1648. We command the brevity of this sentence to the penny-a-liners of our day.

Finally, Mr. Burn describes the registers which have been kept by the several bodies of Nonconformists, and he makes some very useful suggestions, which are much needed, as to the preservation of the original ancient registers of our old parishes. The chief of these is, that the names in them should be carefully indexed, in order to prevent the perpetual thumbing of the well-worn and perhaps already nearly illegible leaves. This volume is complete of its kind, and deserves a warm welcome from all who are interested in the manners and customs of our forefathers.

#### NOTICE.

The publication of the “SATURDAY REVIEW” takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Memoirs of Louvet and Dulaure. The Life of William Blamire. The Gemma Ecclesiastica of Giraldus. Tales by Berthold and Nodier. An Italian Comedy of Twelfth Night. History of Genghis Khan. Louvois. Peter Cartwright. Burn's History of Parish Registers.

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A Churchman by conviction, I am anxious to secure the same toleration to those of my fellow citizens whose convictions tend other ways, as I claim from them for my own opinions.

I approach foreign politics with all the painful feelings produced by the sight of the growing distress in the manufacturing districts. While private and public benevolence can do much to alleviate the sufferings of our countrymen, and while British enterprise can be turned to open fresh cotton-markets, it is idle to expect that trade can be fully restored until commerce is free from the Commissary System of America. At the same time England cannot long speak when she is not sure her voice will be respected. The time must soon come when the judgment of united Europe will respect the independence of the Southern States. In the meanwhile it is open to us to sympathise with the gallant exertions of an unanimous people struggling for independence from tyrannical taxation and oppression. It is equally open to us to sympathise with the unhappy infatuation which has driven the Northern Unionists into the cast of empire, misnamed liberty, and that to risk the material ruin of both sections of the former Republic and its own moral degradation.

As to questions nearer home, it is enough to say that it is England's best interest to keep friends with France so that our friendship is not extorted by fear.

Trusting that this expression of my opinions will be agreeable to you,

I have the honour to remain, Gentlemen,  
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Stoke-upon-Trent, August 23, 1862.

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40	1 9 2	2 18 4	3	2 7 6	1 4 4
45	2 6 5	3 12 2	6	2 10	1 4 8
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55	4 2 1	5 12 4			0 12 6

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